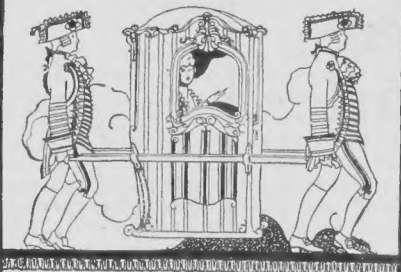


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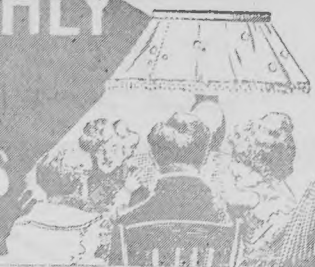
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The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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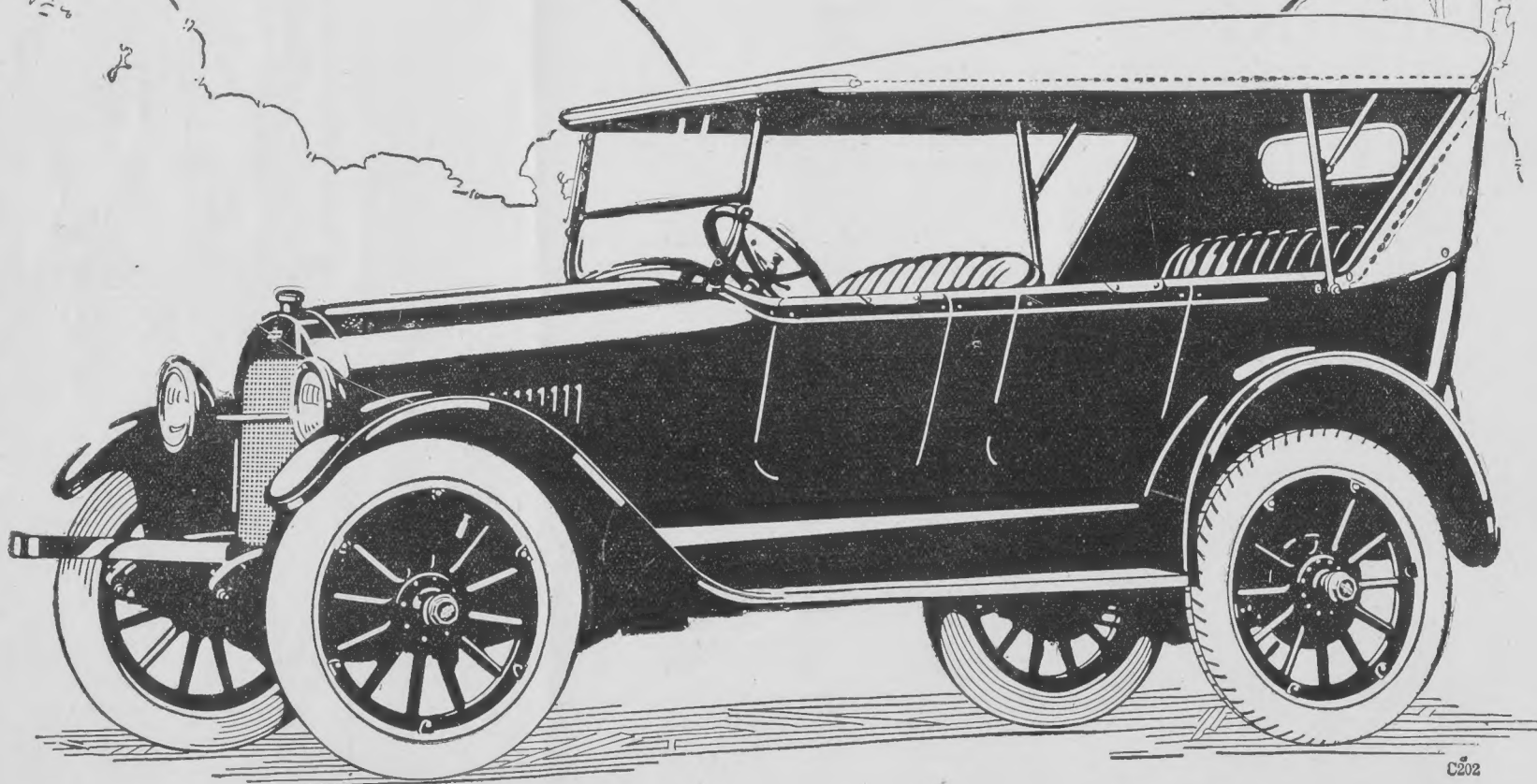
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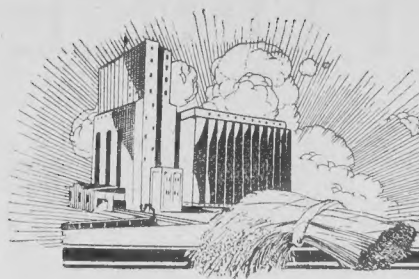
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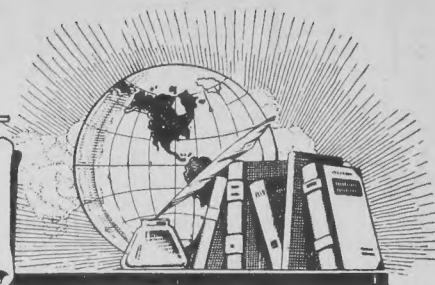


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EDITORIAL



Forgetting How to Knit

IT ALL began with a young lady who attended an afternoon sewing-circle. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Dear me! I have forgotten how to knit. I wish somebody would start another war. Then I'd learn over again."

Is not this the trouble with nearly all of us? Because we have nothing to do that engrosses our whole attention we grow lazy, we dawdle, we waste time, we lend ourselves to trivial occupations and so we forget how to knit.

During the war, life had a purpose, and towards the accomplishment of this purpose all people united their energies. Now there are almost as many conflicting purposes as there are people. No two nations are in agreement. Then men were self-sacrificing, then there was no unemployment, then there seemed to be no poverty. Railways, shops, factories and farms were received as means to ends. Indeed many carried away by their zeal said the old feuds and bitterness would never return. Lloyd George said that England would be a country fit for heroes to live in, and the same thought was in the minds of all. But it has not turned out just like this. The motive for unity and activity gone, men have relapsed into their old state. Selfishness has reappeared, frivolity has taken the place of seriousness and many of us have forgotten how to knit. Is it not so?

We see it first of all in the children. Around home and in school they have forgotten how to work. In a large city this applies quite generally to the children of the wealthy, but not so generally to the children of the poor. As a result the next generation is going to see a new element in control of industry and government, for it always happens that ability will rule.

It is not only the children who are forgetting how to knit. We see the same thing in grown men and women. What a monstrous cry there is about an eight hour day, as if work were something to be avoided. If men were only wise they would realize that the more work people do, the more they develop. Too little work, and half-hearted work are ruinous to the individual and to the state. The most serious thing today is that some men who could work refuse to do so, and that many who would work can not find employment. What is the remedy?

In the first place the individual and the nation must have a will to work. In the next place all must have an opportunity to work. Then work must be carried on in such a way that it will be welcomed rather than shunned. This last point is most important. Work is something to be sought for for its own sake. There could be no greater misconception that that work is a misfortune to be escaped from when possible. The fight for shorter hours and higher wages has given honest work a bad name.

In shunning work and putting entertainment and profitless enjoyment in its place, people have forgotten how to knit. The young lady was right.

The Virtue Of Thrift

IT DOES us no good to cover our heads in the sand. We may as well face the hard facts. If we had doubts before the Conference at Genoa we need have none now. The old world is in a pretty bad way. The finest thing that ever happened was that very Conference, for it revealed the nature of the malady from which Europe is suffering. And yet the malady of Europe does not fully explain the troubles elsewhere. For instance it does not explain the hard times in Australia and the hard times on this Continent.

Consider first of all the island continent. Irrigated land in the fruit district is worth \$1,200 an acre, and yet the banks will not advance a cent on that security. The reason is that dried fruit producers of Cypress and the Levant are underselling Australia in the English market. Women fruit pickers are earning about twenty dollars a week, and this would be a fortune in the Levant. Well, what happens? The owners of the land cannot sell the fruit at cost and so they are tempted or even forced to give up the trade. And as for the women—why they drift into Melbourne. Then for a few weeks there is brisk trade in the millinery stores and then the inevitable slump.

It is the same in the wool industry. The shearers go forth as an army beginning in West Australia, and working back slowly towards Victoria. Each man earns about \$1,000 as the result of three or four months' labor. Then there is a beer-feast, and after that groups of penniless men who talk politics and curse the sheep-owners.

Of course labor is wrong, hopelessly wrong and unjust, but the Australian capitalist is wrong too. A prominent writer speaking from first hand knowledge put it this way:

"Labor requires a crushing lesson. That is a catch-phrase, repeated a thousand times a year in the Australian Press. Sheep-minded editors repeat it and think that they have settled all. Australian capitalism also requires a crushing lesson; Labor, upon the other hand, mumbles that shibboleth in its own astringent-spirited Press. Wages must come down! Wages must stay up! Thus the warring factions menace each other. And all the while, like turbaned Afghans, the cold-blooded party agents continue to shout 'Hoosh-tah!' at their political camels. Indifferent to the impending collapse of the Commonwealth, the six hundred and sixty-six paid and semi-paid politicians continue to ride from Perth to Brisbane in first class railway carriages, argue with all and sundry, and draw their pay."

"Meanwhile, the hour of crisis draws nearer. England, to stick to farming similes, is the financial dairy from which every State in Australia draws its milk. Cut off the supply of loans in London and the jig is up. Brisbane, Sydney, Hobart, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth—every capital city in Australia is really a giant parasite, something bloated up like a colossal infant at a baby show, nourished on the blood of English labor,

PICNICS

By Nellie L. McClung

"We are never old", one great man said, "until we begin to look back". I believe we can gauge our ages by our attitude towards picnics. If we can hear the Spring woods calling, and know what the birds are saying by their songs; if we have a sudden feverish desire to fry our bacon over a fire of sticks, and make tea in the black-bottomed tin pail, and lean back against a tree trunk, watching the camp-fire's smoke climb listlessly up through the trees, and listen to the squirrels who come out on the branches to chatter in their saucy, breezy way;—if we do not even mind a mosquito bite, so intent are we on listening to the sounds of the woods and the musical murmur of the little creek below the bank;—if we can look up into the sky, and let our thoughts run on and on until you are more of a sky dweller than an inhabitant of earth, with bills to pay, clocks to punch and clothes to wear. . . .

So long as we can this—we are young! It not a matter of years at all. But the picnic habit must be acquired in youth, and youth must be cherished. It cannot be recalled—if once it has gone from us!

So while you are young, store up sensations of joy and gladness in the simple things of life, as a squirrel stores up nuts for the winter. Listen to the birds, thrill at the flash of a blue-bird's wing across the road, let your soul rejoice at the perfume of wild roses when it is spilled on the air—take the little pleasures of life to your heart with rapture. The kingdom of heaven belongs to the easily pleased, and while we have the kingdom of heaven in our hearts, we can snap our fingers at wrinkles and gray hairs.

fattened on that special condensed sweat which is the real name for English loans. Well, what of it? These being the conditions, what is the cure? Desperate remedies must be applied to a desperate disease. England must appoint a Receiver-General to govern Australia. The only way to sober up these mad bull camels of the Pacific is for England herself to shout 'Hoosh-tah!' and bring both Capital and Labor in Australia to their knees."

But it may be asked what this has to do with Canada, and of course the answer is that if we put other words in place of wool and dried fruit we have somewhat of a parallel situation. It is true that we have many people without work, but there are hundreds who as soon as they have made a little at work hasten to squander it in excesses of all kinds. The lotteries con-

ducted by certain papers, the receipts of the box offices of the movies, the expenditure for cigarettes, the craze for the latest novelties in dress, food and luxuries, all bear witness to the fact that as a people we are neither frugal nor wise. Then, half our misery would be ended if we would only be as careful in our spending as we are loud in shouting for higher wages and shorter hours. It is all very well for us to sit on the fence rails and swear at somebody. Better sometimes turn our vials of wrath upon ourselves. And of course this is as true for capitalists as for workmen. In the end it is men rather than conditions that are to blame for misfortune.

Canada is not yet ready to go into the hands of the receivers, however things may be in Australia, but the surest way to court disaster is to go on with our habit of spending. The Scotchman has one virtue that some other people might emulate.

Radio

EVERYBODY is talking radio, and nearly every family is trying to make a receiving outfit. City homes are not complete unless there are wires on the roof, and city youths are not happy unless they are experimenting with variometers and detectors and loose couplers. What the result will ultimately be no one knows, but evidently we are just at the beginning of a new movement. In a few years we shall possibly talk to our friends at a distance without troubling an intermediary. We shall just press a button and turn a dial and then we shall be in touch with some one twenty miles away. It will be quite as easy as shouting to a neighbor on the next doorstep.

What is this new thing anyway? It is not so difficult to understand. Two stretched wires that give out the same note are in the same room. If you strike one of these wires the other will immediately take up the sound. There is a sympathy between the two because they are tuned similarly. In the same way if a dispatching instrument at some central point sends out through the ether, electric waves, all receivers wherever they are that are tuned to the same wave length will take up the waves and reproduce in a sensitive telephone receiver the very sounds that caused the vibrations at the central office. In other words it is just as easy for vibration to travel through the air as along a wire. Up to the present we have had no apparatus for collecting the vibrations. That is all. Now, however, a boy with a paper box, a bit of galena, some wire and an ear piece can arrange a simple outfit and tune in.

There is of course a moral in all this, and it is always the privilege of a magazine to preach a moral. First of all then don't be skeptical. Because you haven't heard a concert sent out by wireless, don't take the ground that nobody else has. There are yet to be found people who don't believe in a telephone and who deny that the earth is round. In the next place give the boys a chance. A home made construction is better than a purchased outfit. In making a radio receiver a young lad makes himself. Let him have a chance. In the third place "tune in." Get in with the crowd. Enjoy what others are enjoying. Be neighborly. Yes, there are a lot of moral lessons in this radio craze, and every man can preach them to himself.

And don't forget that this is the beginning of things. Next year there will be transmission of power. Without wire connection, without trolleys or gasoline, vehicles will be running. Probably this is all wild imagination. Probably it is only a shadow of what is to be. All things come to the man who believes. The golden age of invention is in the future. We are just beginning to understand the world in which we are, and the power we may use if only we believe and search.

There is a common saying that everybody is in some way a little bit crazy, and perhaps there is a particle of truth to it. Any one that permits his mind to harbor an excess of anything becomes to that degree unbalanced. Other people observe the lack of balance. Some call it oddity; others call it craziness. After all it is perhaps only laudable variation from prosaic commonplace. If there were no such variation the world would be a most uninteresting place. There would be no Bernard Shaw, no Sir Oliver Lodge, no Sam Weller, and no Sairey Gamp. We should indeed be thankful to some of the people who have courage enough to hold opinions of their own, and to do things that are out of the ordinary. In one sense they are the salt of the earth. They prevent dry rot.

But one may become devoted to a very small interest and therein lies the danger. It is possible to travel around and around in a very small circle, and on the other hand the circle of activities may be so great that a portion of its arc differs very little from a straight line.

THE HONOR OF THE FORCE

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

WHEN Edwin Effingham, younger son of a good family in England, came out to Canada in the year 1897 it was with the intention of joining the North-West Mounted Police, of which he had read and dreamed so much, and this he accordingly did, immediately going into training at Regina.

Not long out of school the discipline did not trouble him at all. His tall, undeveloped young figure looked queer at first in the uniform, but the fresh prairie air made him eat and sleep astonishingly, and with riding, shooting and exercising it was not long until he stood in his uniform as though he belonged in it, straight, muscular, splendid, a pulsating figure of force and competence. In his hours of leave, on foot or mounted, many a pair of bright eyes in the Queen city of the Prairies appraised him, but he was of the single-hearted type and the business in hand just then was to become a policeman, to imbibe the teachings and ideals necessary, and to equip himself physically for the task in hand. Light flirtations were beneath the dignity of a protector of the people, a representative of the law—a sole representative if his duty should lead him to some remote region.

At length the period of training was finished, and as Constable, he with several others, some his superiors, was stationed in a barracks in a small town of what was then Assiniboia N. W. T., now eastern Saskatchewan.

Relaxing from the strain of training, and having become a unit of the Force, Effingham, although ever prompt in every duty, began more closely to cultivate the acquaintance of the fellows stationed with him and to become more companionable.

They had many a friendly game of cards together in barracks, wrestling bouts, and one would try to arrest and hand-cuff the other, just for practice. Then they would put up a target in the yard and have revolver and rifle practice. Acquaintances were made amongst the respectable young men of the town and country around and many of these sort of "hung-out" around the barracks, and joined in the sports, sometimes introducing their own, of roping, quoits, or the like. But the Police were always on the qui vive, and ready at a moment's notice to undertake any duty at any distance at the order of the O. C. Time was only wasted in asking them questions as "mum" was the rule. Their horses were always scrupulously attended to, arms and accoutrements in order.

The Police received invitations to all the functions around town—for, if you will notice, every town however small or remote has its functions—and if they happened to be at liberty of course they attended.

Effingham was the youngest and handsomest of the squad and the most in demand. He was not the liveliest by any means, but he was so handsome and magnetic that both men and women "took" to him. His personality seemed to have a glow to it so that his presence made the simplest affair a success. Men said it was because he was such a manly fellow, and women thought—well—maybe it was his splendid figure, good features, and rich blonde coloring.

Especially did Constable Effingham make friends with Dick Burton, a young homesteader who "batched" a few miles out of town. Dick, when he galloped in of an evening or a slack day in his farming operations often killed time around the police barracks and he and Effingham seemed to have a mutual attraction. Effingham would often go to Dick's when off duty, and he watched with amused admiration Dick's cooking performances, for Dick was that rara avis—a clean tidy bachelor. His shack was immaculate and orderly, and the great fellow, over six foot, would wash his dishes and dry them and then wash both his dish-cloth and drying towel till they were white as snow, wring them out with his big hands and hang them outside to dry and air as gravely as though he were performing a rite.

"This is great after the Chinks," Effingham would say as he laid away mountains of Dick's feathery brown pancakes, syrup, bacon and eggs. Then they would light

their pipes and smoke the air blue, talking desultorily or just in an understanding silence. Perhaps they might go out around amongst Dick's horses and the mountie would give a hand at breaking one, for he had a rare knack at managing horses and a rope came almost natural to him.

This friendship persisted in spite of the fact that Dick was desperately in love with a girl in the little town, and this girl was just as unmistakably throwing herself at Effingham's head. The two young fellows, being gentlemen, never so much as hinted at discussing the matter, but this was the state of affairs, nevertheless.

It was mostly the girl's parents' fault of course. Every small town has its local magnates, self appointed or otherwise even in the West. The Deanes had made some money and now it was a matter of family. They had heard that Effingham was one of the Effinghams of Effingham—Major Effingham of the British Army had capped the climax by dropping off en tour to see his nephew—and that had settled it, the Major being so aristocratic and all. Lila Deane was very young, and really a sweet little thing, and was easily impressed, so with all the weight of her

a dozen men here to one down there in proportion to the number of girls."

"Yep, but brother Dick's here," said Dick grimly.

"That's so Dick. You know I sort of pity girls with some lobster hanging around them that won't take no for an answer." Effingham had easily dropped into the Western vernacular, but could just as easily slip back into correct English.

"Yeh", said Dick consideringly, "but I believe I'm something of a lobster that way myself."

Effingham laughed. "I suppose there's a lot in the point of view without a doubt. I too can imagine being a stayer under the right circumstances." This was as close as they ever got to discussing their respective positions in regard to Lila Deane.

Some time after this date Constable Effingham was strolling up and down the station platform at about eight in the evening, when the west-bound train was due to arrive. The denizens of the little prairie town nearly always took their constitutional down there to watch the train in and out. There was anticipation of its coming, bringing its electric thri



Effingham stood aside idly tapping his boots with his riding-crop. To him she was the most arresting figure he had ever seen.

parents' influence, and Effingham being such a handsome fellow, and the uniform and all she soon fancied herself violently in love with the Constable. Left alone she might have responded to Dick's open devotion, but it seemed to be fated otherwise.

There was always something going on at the Deane's fine home and Effingham was invariably invited. When there was not a little dance there, or an evening of some kind it was a special invitation to him alone to dinner or something, and they always simply took him home with them from church on a Sunday. It was really almost boring to him, especially when he reflected that one quarter such encouragement would make his friend Dick ecstatically happy.

ONE day in the summer Effingham rode out to the Burton homestead. He had not seen Dick for some time and thought he would exercise his fine cavorting bay a bit as "business" had been slack lately and at the same time look up his friend. He found young Burton busy, with the help of a carpenter neighbor, at building an addition to his shack.

"Hello Dick, so this is what's keeping you out of mischief these times, is it? What's the idea—too crowded for you?"

Dick took some nails out of his mouth and made reply.

"Put in your horse Ed.—Yep, I'm busy all right, my sister's comin' out and I'm enlarging the premises a bit. She'll be here pretty soon and I want to be sure to be ready in time. She has a good position in an office down East but the rich boss pesters the life out of her to marry him, and it's getting on her nerves so she's comin' out to keep house for brother Dick."

"Bad country for an attractive girl to come to, Dick, for I guess there's a half

from the great currents of populous life—and it often left a homesick blankness, as its long-drawn departing whistle and reverberations dwindled to nothingness.

On this evening just before the arrival of the train Dick Burton dashed up with a shining buggy and prancing team with resplendent harness—this was over twenty years ago, remember, before the tin lizzie browsed on these prairies.

"Hel-lo Dick," greeted Effingham, as Dick tied the team, "Why all the splendor?"

"Vera's to be here tonight," answered Burton, scanning the track. "I see some smoke now. Wait with me Eff, I want sis to meet you. She's never seen a mountie."

"Righto," said Effingham as Dick tied the team, "here I am—Exhibit A." And Dick secretly thought his stalwart friend well worth looking at. With the little foraging cap and chin-strap jauntily to one side, the red tunic, fitting him like a glove, the blue riding breeches with yellow stripes up the sides, jack-boots, a pair of white gloves in one hand and a riding crop in the other, all setting off his easy grace and rich coloring, he was a vivid personality.

At length the train pulled in, and amongst trainmen, luggage, people getting off and others on, a girl came lightly down the step and up the platform straight for Dick Burton. Effingham stood aside idly tapping his boots with his riding-crop. To him she was the most arresting figure he had ever seen. Trim, in her blue serge suit and plain hat her face held Effingham's attention. With the delicate pallor of the Eastern city, and yet a hint of color, great dark grey eyes with long lashes, dark to match her hair, regular features, and the most angelically sweet expression he had ever seen.

"Dear old Dick," she exclaimed in a thrilling voice, her arms went around Dick Burton's neck, her lovely cheek rested on his shoulder. How Dick could pat her on the back so off-handly as if she were a pet dog and say "Good little sis, it's great to see you," seemed a mystery to Effingham, but he remembered that his own sisters were considered beauties by strangers. But this sister of Dick's was certainly the most extraordinarily exquisite, heavenly creature he had ever seen. Dick interrupted his rapt thoughts.

"Here sis, meet my friend, Constable Effingham of the North-West Mounted Police, and he isn't just a uniform, glorious as he appears—he's just the finest lad on these prairies."

The lovely eyes were turned on Effingham now with a smile for her brother's friend, and he felt himself grow as red as his tunic. A small white hand was laid in his. He muttered something, he hardly knew what.

As Dick was putting his sister in the buggy he called out: "Now don't let Vera scare you away Eff, you know where the shack is."

"Yes," said Vera anxiously, "Please come out, I wouldn't frighten Dick's friends away for the world."

THE idea of Vera's being such a fearsome object seemed funny and Effingham mustered up courage to smile and say: "I wouldn't dare go as often as I'd like."

"Ha ha," laughed Dick "compliments eh? Well, we must hit the trail—so long Ed."

After questions and answers about the trip as the brother and sister drove along the prairie trail, Burton at length said: "My dear sister, the plot thickens."

"What plot?" asked the mystified Vera.

"Why here you come along and bowl Effingham over completely. At the same time the girl I'm set on having is head over heels gone on Effingham, and if you'll just encourage Ed that leaves the coast clearer for me."

"Oh, for goodness' sake Dick I came West to get away from that sort of thing and here I'm landed in the midst of it. Then what nonsense about bowling Effingham over."

"Oh well, don't pay any attention to my ravings, sis; just lead the quiet life but, honestly Vera, I never saw Effingham so stricken with any one before."

"Oh well, you are friends and he had some curiosity about your sister."

"Maybe so, maybe so, but the West is a very romantic country."

"It doesn't look it," said Vera gazing around at the bare monotonous prairie.

But the girl was more than favorably impressed with Effingham's manner and appearance, and she would not have been a true daughter of Eve if she had not noticed the impression she had made. But, raised in a city and having met with more than one who "bowed over" at every fresh face they saw, she was rather inclined to be cynical and thought as she lay in the snug little room her brother had built for her, "It remains to be found out whether he's as good as he appears."

THAT evening Effingham was dated to a garden-party at the Deane home. It was in aid of the church and the Constable had been wheedled into consenting to "help" at it to insure his being there although his help was of the purely decorative order. Lila Deane was charming in pink muslin and her mother impressive in amethyst silk. It was a gay and lively affair but the Constable was unusually quiet, doing little more than to add color to the scene. His thoughts were on the lonely trail leading out to Dick Burton's. Ever single-hearted about everything and constant in the pursuit of an idea, his hitherto untouched sentiment and imagination had been engulfed at this first meeting with Vera Burton. He was as irrevocably hers as though he had known her for years. It seemed as though this sight of her was what his spirit had been poised and awaiting for years. So far were his thoughts detached that he began sizing up his chances in certain heretofore ignored expectations that he had in the old country. Tender recollections of his mother

and sisters crowded in and pleasant imaginings of how they would receive Vera. Her angelic image seemed to glorify his whole horizon, bringing in everything good and lovely and crowding out everything sordid and unpleasant.

But such is the fatuous conceit of many people that Effingham's preoccupation at the garden-party was misunderstood.

"My dear," said Mrs. Deane to Lila after the guests had departed "That poor mountie is so dead gone that he can hardly speak; you have him completely dazzled."

"Why I didn't think so mother," replied the young girl "he seemed as though his mind was on something else."

"You poor inexperienced child, there's just one thing he wants to say and he can't muster up courage to do it. If it was to arrest some cattle thief he could talk and act fast enough, but he's scared stiff of little Lila Deane. You hold the brave policeman in your little hand."

"Oh mother, don't be so silly."

In a few impatient days Effingham was again off duty, and, after shining up every button he galloped out to Dick Burton's. How good it was to leave the pretence of the piffing little town and, care-free, hit the good open trail for the home of his friend and the lady of his dreams.

Dick came joyfully out to open the gate for him and he could see a pink-clad form in the door-way.

"Good old Eff, I thought you were never coming. Just in time too, to help me rope and break a cayuse for Vera to ride. You know you just naturally take to a rope Eff."

"Only say I may teach Miss Burton to ride and I'll help you Dick."

"I'll say you may and welcome for I'm going to be busy with haying—and I guess she won't object. Go on in, I'll put in your horse; dinner's about ready and then we'll get to bustin' bronks afterward."

EFFINGHAM went in accordingly and his heart was fractured anew at sight of Vera in a pink house-dress, her cheeks flushed with the fire, her hair in little dark tendrils around her snow-white forehead and neck.

"What an adorable creature she is" he thought as he smilingly greeted her and "what a nice big handsome fellow he is," was in her mind as she gaily responded.

Housewifely Vera apologized for the meal as the three sat down to it "I've been so interested in all Dick's doings outside that I haven't much of a variety cooked."

"Three meals a day like this all the days of my life would satisfy me," boldly averred Effingham.

"You mean the cook or the cookery?" teased Dick.

"Positively both" said the mountie with a smile.

"He's losing no time, eh, sis?" said Dick.

Effingham made no attempt at concealment of his admiration for Vera. She felt herself carried along by the proprietorship he assumed in spite of a little protesting pride within her. But even that faded her as she saw how absolute was his devotion and how tender and chivalrous that devotion was.

After dinner, they ran the horses into the corral, Effingham roped the one wanted, saddled it, and rode out of the corral gate across the prairie at a terrific pace, away and out of sight, the wild thing plunging and rearing to try and throw off the unaccustomed burden. After an hour or two he rode back on a quiet tired horse, and in mock humility, "Here's your horse, Miss," said Effingham.

After that every off day found Effingham out at the Burton homestead. Vera seldom went to town; she was tired of the city she said and these little towns were only pale imitations of the big ones. Either the city or the country for her—no half-way doings. She had a riding habit—it was side saddles in 1900—and she and her brother and Effingham often cantered away on dim trails. But soon Burton pleaded work to be done and it grew to be only the policeman and Vera who went on these expeditions. They got to understand each other well. Vera shared Effingham's enthusiasm over his work, it's importance, and it's responsibilities, how much the surveillance of the red-coats meant to the lonely settler and to the child-like native. Effingham, for

his part, perceived more fully the nobility and purity of the girl's character, and that her angelic look was a true index to her inner self. Vera, having proved the young man to be all he appeared to be, returned his so evident love. Always he was on the point of declaring it in words, yet not feeling entirely sure of his answer, in his humility, and thinking that all these good times would end should he speak too soon. But it was in the air—they felt their unity as truly as though the words had been spoken.

One night Effingham rode back to town and he had a premonition as he went along that he should have said the words to Vera that would have settled the matter one way or another. He felt that her eyes looked a bit troubled as though he might be only a trifler after all. He impetuously thought of going back, "but no, they would think me crazy to return at such an hour." But, nevertheless he felt uncomfortable over it, such is the sensitiveness of love. He finally shook off the thought, "We understand each other, it's all right" he argued with himself.

A short time after Effingham reached barracks that night he received orders from the O.C. to leave at day-light on an important commission. It had been reported than an Indian Reserve about one hundred miles away was being periodically supplied with whiskey from some

you must know it, I have loved you from the first time I saw you, dearest of girls. Let me go away knowing that you are at least considering me in this light. On my return I will lose no time in hastening to hear my answer from your own lips. In haste—Ever Yours—Effingham."

Hastily addressing his letters and dropping them in the mail box the Constable felt easier in his mind and began to anticipate the adventure of his work which would start when he had had a little sleep.

THE next day Dick Burton was in town and when his sister opened one of the envelopes addressed to her she was mystified at the note it contained: "Sorry to have to decline your kind invitation being called away by police duty—Effingham."

She handed it to her brother, saying "I don't remember of inviting Ed for to-night in particular, he just comes and goes as he likes."

"Yes," said Dick "he's got devilish formal all of a sudden. But say, Vera there's a pow-wow at Deane's to-night, Lila met me and asked me to go and bring you, shall we go?"

"I'd rather not, you go if you like."

"And leave you alone—not at all."

"I really will not mind, these prairies are as safe as a church. You can come

"Oh, poor kid, she was flattered and pleased of course, but she said it didn't seem right to announce it till he came back as he said he wanted to hear the answer from her own lips. She said the letter didn't seem real somehow, that she wasn't expecting it from him. But say, sis, Effingham and I are going to have a reckoning—he's done me out of my girl, and he's done his best and succeeded in getting you to care for him. Red coat or no red coat, I'm camped on his trail."

Vera, with thoughtful brow reviewed it all in her sympathetic mind. At length her expression cleared to its usual angelic smile: "Ed couldn't do anything like that Dick, I think I understand it. He just mixed the envelopes in his haste. Lila got my letter and I just got the note declining the invitation. He couldn't have used our names except on the envelopes." "It's possible, I thought of that," said Dick, clutching at anything, "I guess you're right, I think I'll tell Lila that to-morrow."

"Oh no, Dick, you mustn't do that. You know Eff's high ideals of the Honor of the Force, think of the Deane's feelings and how it would appear to the world at large for him to be involved with two girls at once as this would look! What a defender of the people he would appear to be!"

"No" said Dick "I guess it wouldn't do, and then we're not sure any way."

"I'm sure," answered Vera as a vision of Effingham's true blue gaze came up before her.

"Don't trust any man Vera—men, the best of them are a bad lot"

"Not Eff," said Vera proudly.

"You're a brick sis; well, go back to your bed and don't worry about it."

"Poor Dick, it's a blow to you too. But Vera's very young and who knows what may happen!"

"Eff is the man to clear it up some way," said Dick grimly as he went out to take a last look at his stock.

Meanwhile Effingham, the unwitting cause of all this coil, rode valiantly forth at sun rise of the day planned, according to orders, through the sleeping town and country and was once in misty view of the Burton homestead. Ah, if he could only hail his friends if but for a moment—but the Honor of the Force demanded that he deviate not from his course till his orders were fulfilled.

He made forty miles on his fine horse the first day, stopping at settlers' houses for meals, but did not progress as fast after that as he was coming nearer the scene of his future operations and he went more cautiously, stopping oftener and engaging more in conversation with neons whom he met.

It appeared that someone outside made it their business to keep wise to all the movements on the Indian Reserve as every time the white Indian agent went away on business of any kind he found on his return a lot of Indians wild with drink—and some one was bringing it to them.

No one outside seemed to be able to give any satisfactory answers to Effingham's cautious questions, so he proceeded on his way. Fortune certainly favored him in his quest, though, because he heard on nearing the Reserve that the agent was then away having gone out the previous day. On learning this he put spurs to his horse to try and beat any warnings of his coming. On entering the Reserve he found wild orgies going on around the tents. Around, lay drunk and half drunk natives. Others were in the wild stages of getting drunk. The bootleggers were "hoist with their own petard," as Shakespeare says, because Effingham discovered two white men, their backs against a tree, dead drunk themselves, a bottle beside them. Their horses were tethered near.

EFFINGHAM possessed himself of their arms, the Indians looking indifferently on. He pounded the soles of the two mens' feet with the butt of a revolver to arouse them, hand-cuffed them, and made them mount their horses. Having emptied out all the whiskey he could find he drove his prisoners ahead of him on the hike for home. They were absolutely in his power, and, when the whiskey died out of them, started to tell him the details of their traffic. Having convinced them of their powerlessness, and having sized up his men he took off the hand-cuffs after a while and they all went into a settlers'

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DESPOTS OF THE DUSK

By H. Mortimer Batten

A SMALL round pool of purest crystal, from the margin of which the rocky uplands rose in a chaos of loose boulder, boulder upon boulder with never a green thing growing. Water gushed up in the centre of the pool, but there was no visible overflow, the crystal contents escaping by the way they came—through the rocky bed somewhere below the surface, which now reflected a cloudless, star-spangled sky. It was so silent out here with God that the rolling of a pebble near the water's edge could be heard with startling clearness over ninety paces away.

Ordit Wells, lying on his face high above the pool, the butt of a Winchester rifle to his shoulder, heard it distinctly, but strain his eyes though he might, he could see nothing moving down by the water. This was the third night he had watched, for the silver sand at the water's edge had told him that a certain big wolf, known to the ranchers as Buffalo, was accustomed to calling here to drink and leave the sign of his passing. So Wolver Wells had waited, and now, at last, was a sign—the falling of a pebble!

The scalp of that wolf was worth two hundred dollars to Wolver Wells in bounty money alone, so no wonder he strained his eyes and held tight to the battered though businesslike Winchester. He could see like an owl in the dark, and as he waited he actually heard the lapping of water—the sound of an animal drinking directly below him. His hopes fell a little, for a wolf, a grey wolf, is not invisible at night. One does not see the wolf, but one sees its movements—a ghostly suggestion of movement floating, vanishing, reappearing, like a drifting atom of cloud on the mountain face.

The lapping ceased, and now Wells detected a shadow among the shadows, slowly circling the north end of the pool. It was a ten to one chance, but after three nights of chilly waiting a man is prepared to accept long odds. Wells wondered whether he should wait in the hope that the brute would cross the skyline, then he remembered how he had already waited, nourishing that same hope, a dozen times. Buffalo never crossed the skyline—that was why he was still alive! So Wells brought the sights to bear on the dim moving patch among the checkered boulders.

Wildfire, the little red vixen, had just drunk her fill. This was the first time she had left the den since the birth of her puppies, and it did her good to be under the stars again. She was just about to scratch with all fours for the joy of working her claws when there was a flash of red and a thunderous report from among the rocks above. The ball struck a chunk of quartz under her very nose, shattering it into fragments, which struck her face like shot from a blunderbuss. She leapt into the air—leapt backwards, and fled for her life through and between the boulders—not from boulder to boulder as a wolf would have done.

Wolver Wells cursed his luck. "A blame little coyote for a cinch!" he muttered, and began to scramble down to see if his shot had told.

A hundred yards away Wildfire, after the manner of prairie foxes, flattened and watched her back trail. This was her first experience of gun fire, though she knew by instinct that it constituted a deadly peril in her life. Now she knew that it hurt, for tiny beads of blood spattered her face, and watching she saw the man climb down and go to the water's edge. Then she fled—a wiser if not a happier vixen.

Out of the chaos of loose boulders Wildfire loped, till across the ridge she reached the open sand hills, vague and infinite under the stars, dotted all over with dwarf cactus, patches of sage, and prairie dog cities. Something appeared over the ridge opposite—a black unwieldy shape crossing the skyline and coming on towards her. Again Wildfire flattened, her nerves all on edge, but almost instantly her suspicions vanished, as trotting through the night towards her came a red fox like herself, only larger—Rip, her mate, carrying a gopher in his jaws!

What passed between the two foxes I cannot say, but seeing her Rip instantly bristled, and glanced back in the direc-

tion she had come with savage distrust. Then shoulder to shoulder, they loped off together through the great grey loneliness.

Now, when a vixen who has cubs has been badly scared, the first thing that she does is to move her cubs elsewhere. She does it as instinctively as she might roll in carrion to kill her body scent, and probably she does not reason out the real facts of the case—that the neighbourhood being unhealthy for herself may prove unhealthy for her brood. Thus, that night, Wildfire and Rip trotted over to the other side of the range, and choosing a sandy patch at the foot of a land-slide, high up on the mountain face overlooking the lovely Silvertrail, they began to engineer a burrow. Wildfire scratched till she was tired, hurling out a blast of sand between her hind legs, then when she came out to pant and shake herself Rip carried on the good work.

It was a busy night for the two foxes, but when the dawn began to creep over the buttes, touching all things with purple, then pink, then blinding, shining silver, the new abode was at any rate sufficiently advanced to afford shelter for the cubs. Twelve feet down they had hollowed out a spacious chamber which was to be their nursery den. There were other things about this den, but—wait, we shall see.



Tired though they were, the two foxes were ill at ease to complete their plans. For some reason, best known to themselves, they decided to carry their cubs from the old den to the new in the full glare of the day—possibly because they imagined Wolver Wells and his gun to be nocturnal like themselves, since it was by dead of night that he had all but sealed Wildfire's fate. Or perhaps—who can say—they realised that in this fitting business there was a foe to be considered more dangerous than man, a foe which, like themselves, was a creature of the shadowy alleyways of the night.

Cautiously they returned to the old den, and nearing it Rip crouched down among the cacti at the crest of the ridge, whence he could watch the whole world around, while Wildfire went on, and presently reappeared carrying a helpless, sprawling infant in her jaws. They laid the little fellow down, and both of them licked him and nosed him over, then Wildfire caught him up again and set off towards the new home.

Rip did not take turns in carrying the cub. That was not his department, yet his share of the removal undertakings was clearly cut and dried. Wildfire never saw him from the moment of crossing the ridge with the first cub to the moment of crossing the ridge with the second cub, but all the time he was within a quarter of a mile of her, watching from the skyline though never showing himself, stealing down at intervals to criss-cross his trail with hers, so that any enemy, following her line of scent, would be led off to follow his. So Wildfire deposited the first cub in the new den, then hastily went back for the second. When she appeared on the ridge carrying it, Rip again joined her, assured her that all was well, that he was watching, and again they parted—Wildfire taking a different route this time, so as to leave no lasting scent trail between the old den and the new. This they repeated five times, and Wildfire, unaccustomed to day travelling, was all but dead beat. The

fierce sun beat down on her head till she was sick, her jaws and her neck ached till they were numbed with aching, and her mouth was parched with dry sand caught up each time she raised the little one after a brief rest. She looked with thirsty eyes at the Silvertrail, silver, indeed—blindingly silver—through the quivering heat mists, at the ancient buffalo trail leading down to it—even at the little brown hawk, quivering like the air, as he hung in the infinite haze against the background of rugged buttes.

Wildfire went back for the sixth cub, and when again her husband joined her she lay down with glazed eyes and panted. In one way, if in one way only, do the wild folk triumph over man, in that their physical strength overtops their mental strength, and their bodies go on, working like machines, long after their brains are so weary that clear comprehension is beyond them. A woman in such a state as Wildfire now found herself would probably have fainted at the thoughts of her own weariness and the awful dilemma into which it landed her, but not so Wildfire. She had a task to perform, and her body went on performing it even though she was half dead with thirst and stupified with the heat. She snatched up the cub and trotted off again, and again Rip mounted guard.

this season no man can say. He was, of course, a little mad from living too long alone, and so sundried and wind hardened was he, that sleep for him was unnecessary. What caught his eye were the clouds of dust thrown up on the still air by the pursuing wolf. He stared, then shifted his position and adjusted the focus. "Jingo!" he muttered. "If it ain't Buffalo!" Then he witnessed something which, as he watched, brought sudden exclamations from his lips. "Got her! No! Hell! Why don't she drop that blame gopher! Clever! Look out for the prickles!"

For there, ahead of the wolf, was something like a shapeless, flattened cloth, drawn by an invisible string—something with half the speed of the wolf, but which did not waste time over dodging till the despot was at its very heels, when the minutest swerve sent him shooting off at a tangent to plough up the dust. Wildfire's eyes were burning, her tongue was on fire. So sorely handicapped by her load, all her instincts cried out to her to drop the cub, and leave it to take its chances, but her supreme mother love bade her struggle on.

She had all but gained the cactus field when Buffalo, perceiving her ruse, contrived to get between her and it. There was triumph now in his rumbling growls. The game was clearly in his hands. He did not try to close, but contented himself with plunging up and down between the vixen and the cover, wearing her out, intending to force her eventually back across the open, when, in her laden and exhausted state, he would easily run her down.

Poor little Wildfire! Her last chance seemed now to be gone. The cub was strangling in her jaws, and she, too, was strangling from thirst and want of air. With bursting heart she tried again and again, taking deadly risks, to get past the wolf, but he was too swift for her. Once she dropped the cub, but instantly stopped and snatched it up. "O—O!" exclaimed Wolver Wells. "So it ain't a gopher after all!"

Wildfire was on the point of turning back when she saw something that revived her hopes. She started off for the north end of the clump, running full speed, the wolf bounding triumphantly between her and it, when, out of the thorny cover appeared a russet streak. It dashed by Buffalo's very heels, and there was a click of strong teeth as Rip made a running chop at the big wolf's hind legs.

The chop went home. Buffalo pulled up short with a roar of rage and pain, then doubting, made for Rip in a fury of vengeance. In an instant Wildfire was past him and deep in the cactus clump, while Rip, full in view, headed for the open under Buffalo's very eyes. And Wolver Wells, watching, uttered a rumbling cheer and veritably squirmed with enjoyment as he lay in the sand.

Straight towards the vixen the wolf and the red fox came, while Wildfire sneaked out at the opposite side of the clump, and thence, crossing the ridge, made a bee line for home. On the plateau directly below Wells, so near that he could afford to lay down his glass, the chase came to an end, for Rip was assuredly outspeeded and outdistanced. So, under the eyes of the trapper, he settled down to dodging, and for fully twenty minutes he kept his heavy adversary fully employed on the same barren acre of land. He merely twisted and turned and doubled and darted; and eventually, with the wolf at his very heels, he suddenly flattened, and Buffalo turned a complete somersault over his prostrate form. At the same instant Rip was thrown high into the air, but Wells could not see that by a lightning upward snap he had caught the wolf's forepaw as the great brute passed above, and so was yanked into space as Buffalo fell.

The devilish fury of the grey despot made even the blood of Wells run cold as, sand covered and bristling, he rose to renew the chase, but now Buffalo limped painfully, and his roars of fury were mingled with whines of anguish. Rip had clearly scored a sweeping victory, for triumphantly he turned, swept up the rise into the loose rocks, and in a moment

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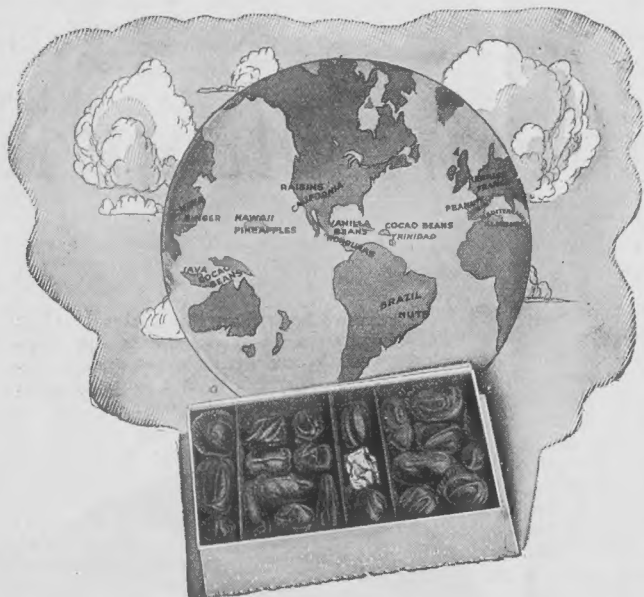
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DESPOTS OF THE DUSK

Continued from page 6

was lost to view. Very shortly after Wells saw the wolf hopping away on three legs, still bristling and terrible, but with no thought of continuing the chase, at least to-day.

The mind of Wells was made up. He had not witnessed the awful fury of the timber wolf for nothing, and he knew that, for so long as Buffalo lived, the sight of a red fox would bring his blood to boiling point, and rouse within him the same devilish venom of purpose. Rip and Wildfire had made a lifelong enemy in Buffalo, but an enemy even more potent, though less terrible in presence, was the grey-eyed trapper, Wolver Wells. For now Wells knew that one certain way of catching Buffalo was to bait for him with a living fox!

As ill luck would have it the trapper, returning home in the purple haze a few nights later, saw the newly turned mound of sand the foxes had scratched out in constructing their new den. He turned to examine the place, and as he did so he heard the "yapp-yarr" of the dog fox, warning his vixen, somewhere across the great grey loneliness. Thus he guessed that the vixen was in the den, so eagerly he set to work to dig her out, using the small trench spade he always carried on his back. For thirty minutes he worked with feverish energy, then the sand caved in and the great round cavity of the nest lay open at his feet. It was empty, save for some gopher and prairie chicken bones and a bit of an old larrigan he himself had thrown on his garbage heap a week ago!

Wells cursed, knowing that somehow the foxes had fooled him, then, familiar with the ways of the little russet wild dogs, he fell to examining the den. Presently he noticed a small round hole leading off from the nest chamber, and listening intently at its mouth, hoping to hear the breathing of the vixen quite near, to his surprise the tinkle of running water reached his ears! A few strokes of the spade revealed the fact that the emergency exit tapped one of those underground waterways which to his knowledge, drained the mountain face for miles in every direction. And into this dingy culvert Wildfire had carried her cubs on conceiving that her home was being invaded!

But Wells had still one more card to play, and forthwith he proceeded to fill in the broken burrow with boulders and stones. He did it in such a way that it would take the vixen some hours to unearth herself, then he cunningly placed the two fox traps he had with him. This done he rode away, and going he noticed by the track that the dog fox had circled anxiously round while he worked, venturing to within fifty paces!

Night came, the stars shone out. The persistent yapping of a coyote was the only sound to be heard throughout those vast spaces. Rip watched the man back to his cabin, then he stole towards the den, circling cautiously round it. Several times he called to Wildfire, but no answer came. He sat down, whined, got up, stole a little nearer, and circled again. He was deadly suspicious, but also he was deadly lonely and anxious. He did not even know whether his mate and her cubs were alive. Two hours, three hours passed, and his anxiety grew. At length he went right up to the broken den, sniffed around, but could find nothing to rouse his suspicion. He knew well enough that there was a trap somewhere, but now all thoughts of his own peril were swallowed up in his eagerness to find Wildfire and her cubs. His one thought was to gain the den, where he was accustomed to seeing them, so nosing out the most vulnerable spot he began to scratch, when—thud! Rip was a prisoner.

Held firmly by both hind legs in the powerful Newhouse trap, Rip did not struggle to free himself, but instead he crouched flat and lay deadly still. An awful fear was upon him—fear lest the great wolf should come along and find him in his helpless plight, a dread so overpowering that it swallowed up the fear of being held, which otherwise would have reduced him to a state of struggling panic. For a whole hour he never stirred, while the breezes ruffled his russet coat, then he heard scratching and presently Wildfire, covered with sand from nose to tail, emerged from the solid earth at his feet. She stared at him, then came

to his side and looked down into his face, and Rip licked her muzzle with his dry, hot little tongue. He might have said to her in so many words: "I'm done, old girl; but I was doing the best for you I knew. Now look after yourself, because I'm out of the running!"

Wildfire backed away, fearful for her own safety, which was the safety of her puppies. In the wild, motherhood is far stronger than wifehood, and every wild mother that ever lived would desert her mate without a qualm of conscience, if her choice lay between him and her little ones. So now Wildfire, her life torn asunder, thought only of her children, and dreaded, rather than pitied, her poor little mate in the sand.

Wildfire knew there was need for urgency, and once again she moved her cubs—carried them one by one into the depths of the blue sage lower down the slope.

When this was done dawn was near. A buzzard appeared in the sky high overhead, and, wheeling at prodigious speed, looked down upon Rip, stretched out like a dead thing with his hindlegs held in the cruel trap. Her thin edged "kew-kew" floated down to him; then other buzzards came and still others, wheeling and criss-crossing in their flight, and Wells, looking from his door as the first sweet breath of the coming day fanned the prairies, saw them and understood.

O new born day—was there ever a thing more wonderful and pure, rimming the buttes with liquid fire, cutting the very hills asunder with slanting swords of light! O, you wonderful, wonderful ranges! O, you beautiful, beautiful dawn! Why did God make these lands so fair—these barren lands of the Silver-trail, which only mad men come to know—men who are mad because they have lived too long alone with the silence and with God! Mad! Mad! Who calls them mad? Why, the sons of the South, wearying out their lives in the dust and the glare—mad to live in the barrens, in the land God gave to Cain! Mad because they give up all other things to see what Allah saw, and to dance in bearded nakedness to the pipes of Pan!

Little red fox crouching there in the desert, dreading you know not what, and knowing only this—that your life is at an end, that nothing more exists for you save something terrible and grim! Wildfire is at your side now, but you do not look at her. Why are you so ashamed—ashamed to be held by this hateful, manmade thing, while the wonderful dawn shines purest gold in that incomparable coat of yours?

But listen! There is a tramp, tramp, tramp, coming over the hilltop, and Wildfire creeps away. Rip, alone, looks up and sees the man approaching. Rip is trembling a little. The man comes steadily on, carrying a forked stick, a length of rawhide, and a bag. Forty paces away he pauses and looks at Rip, and Rip returns his gaze with great fearless, golden orbs. Then the little dog of the prairies, flattens again, closes his eyes, and Wells might even have saved himself the trouble of pinning down Rip's head with the forked stick, while he bound his jaw and his feet with the rawhide, for Rip was pretending to be dead!

I cannot forgive Ordit Wells the thing he did next. I knew him long as an able trapper and as a silent, kindly man, but he would stop at nothing in his warfare against the wolves. He made a harness of rawhide to embrace Rip's neck and shoulders, and to this he attached two thin steel wires. Then he went to an open hilltop near to one of Buffalo's runaways, and hammering two stakes deep into the ground he attached the wires to them, so that Rip was securely held between the posts. A final blow of the mallet drove the posts out of sight. Wells cut the binding rawhide thongs, and there, behold, was Rip, slick on the skyline, apparently free, for the wires were invisible! And around him, cunningly concealed, was an impregnable barrier of No. 5 bear trap, each having a jaw spread of nine inches.

Rip gnawed at the wires till his splendid teeth were splintered, then he lay down and shuddered and sobbed. Night came, and Wildfire found him. Whether he warned her of the wolf traps I cannot say, but she did not come too near. Fear was dead in the soul of Rip—all things were dead save a great longing to be done with it all. He was thirsty, and

Concluded on page 48

FIFTY MINUTES

By Eva Pittaro

THE town of Cleeve, situated "out West" was known for its natural gas the scorching quality of its heat, a pronounced lack of trees, more sand than was necessary and a profusion of fat women.

Of these Mrs. Young was perhaps the stoutest, noteworthy because of the peculiar shape her extra flesh gave her, seemingly all billows and rolls, and yet she was energetic, with remarkable speed for her tonnage.

Humans are proverbially perverse. For no other reason than that it was the hottest part of the hottest day of the hottest summer in twenty years, Mrs. Young was baking a cake.

She had almost finished preparing it and was looking forward to sitting on the porch until it was baked when she heard the telephone ring.

She shoved the cake pan with a bang into the oven before she sprinted into the hall to answer the summons.

When she had grasped the import of the message she sat a moment on the steps to get her breath, meanwhile fanning her face with her apron.

Susan Prout, her childhood friend, was passing through town, so her husband informed her, reading from a letter received at his office. She would change from the Pacific Express to the local and wished to pass the half hour's wait in the depot with her, Molly Young. The express was due at that moment, but it had several minutes delay.

Like a freight locomotive making ready for an up-grade, Mrs. Young charged up the stairs, discarding her apron as she went. In frantic haste she managed to get into a violently green dress, to grasp a sunshade of a different green and rush into the street, not forgetting to set the lock as she slammed the door.

She rounded the corner just in time to catch the trolley bound for the depot, and, though it groaned as she mounted, it presently sighed with relief when she alighted in front of the depot.

From that moment on luck deserted her. Her beaded bag sprang open, dropping various possessions in the dust.

She stooped—my, how that dress pinched—picked up her belongings, sneezed because the dust got into her nose, wiped her face with her dirty handkerchief, which did not add to her beauty, and hurried into the depot.

The revolving doors, speeded by the energies of some youngster, projected her into Susan Prout's angular arms. Susan spoke eagerly. "There you are at last, Molly Young. I was afraid you did not get my letter, and was thinking of 'phoning, when I remembered what a small town this is."

"It's not a small town," Mrs. Young could hardly get hotter. "Leastways it's up to date, and if it had not been for OUR telephone I would not have come at all. You sent the letter to Jack's office and he opened it and 'phoned me to hurry and come down, or I'd miss you. So there!"

"There you go, same as you used to. Your temper hasn't changed, even if your figure has. Beats me how you can breathe in that dress. Why don't you—"

"Susan Prout, will you stop preaching and tell me something about yourself? It's years and years since I've seen you, and the first thing you know, you want to reform me about something or other."

ARGUING and chattering after the manner of old friends, the two sat down on one of the benches in the waiting room. Susan Prout looked the typical spinster, with a number of obsolete pieces of hand baggage at her feet. Her angularity was emphasized by the corpulency of her friend.

Meanwhile Mrs. Young seemed to expand with the heat. She wiped the perspiration from her face again and again. Once more she sneezed, a fatal sneeze, which caused her dress to split under both arms with a rending sound, almost a sigh as if the dress had stood as much as was possible, and now was sorry for its lack of strength. However both women were too full of "don't you remembers" to heed the sound. Finally Miss Prout suggested.

"I'll tell you what. We have just enough time to go over to that lunch room for some coffee and cake—"

At that word "cake," Mrs. Young screamed, springing from her seat like an energetic elephant, scattering Susan Prout's hand-baggage.

"My dear, that was what I was doing when Jack 'phoned. I had just mixed the cake and put it in the oven and was going to sit on the porch till it was done when I heard the 'phone bell. My, oh! my, what shall I do?"

"Is it far to your house?" the spinster asked, retrieving her belongings.

"Far! My dear, I live at the other end of the town. Heaven only knows what is going on at home now. My poor cake. If only it doesn't set fire to the house."

"A coal stove would go out by itself, but gas burns forever. What shall I do?"

"Why don't you telephone to a neighbor to run in and turn off the gas? Or maybe you could get home in time. How long did it take you, anyway, to get here?"

"Fifteen minutes, about."

"Fifteen. And you've been here, let us say, twenty minutes. That makes thirty five; another fifteen to get home makes fifty. What kind of a cake did you say it was?"

"A fruit cake, Jack's favorite."

"That's about right for a fruit cake. The cook book says forty-five, I know, but five minutes extra won't make any difference. Now don't you mind me, my dear, but hurry home, and you can save it. I'll stop in Cleeve on my way home when we can have another visit."

Mrs. Young charged forward as if a life were at stake. She screamed 'good-bye' over her shoulder and made a dash for the door. Here she collided with another woman, equally stout, who was leading a bull dog. There was a tangle of canine and human legs, which caused Mrs. Young to lose one whole minute.

This minute proved enough to make her miss her car.

She stood in front of the depot, panting from her recent encounter, and looked after the receding car, undecided. It would be another fifteen minutes before the next car, and fifteen minutes more meant destruction to her cake. However there was a way by which she could get home almost as quickly, although this involved violent exercise. If only it were not so hot. Yet the thing had to be done. There was a short cut through the freight yards, and another through the cemetery.

Mrs. Young ploughed her way through the dust as quickly as she could, her green dress glistening in the sunlight. When within a few yards of the tracks, the barrier closed. A freight train moved into sight, leisurely with complacent moves, as if burning cakes did not exist.

The woman stood sweltering, while her complexion, already scarlet, turned to a vivid purple. She could feel her temples throb in aggravating counter rhythm to the noise of the cars, as they now went forward, now backed in slow jerks, after the manner of trains, with no apparent motive other than to irritate the impatient.

WHEELS screeched, chains rattled.

There was the taste of dust in her mouth. She stood as close to the barrier as she could, tapping it impatiently with her wedding ring. Had there been half a degree more of heat, she would most assuredly have burst from her skin after the manner of an overdone potato.

Under her breath she was saying: "Hurry up, hurry up. Oh, my cake, oh, my cake. If I could only get across."

An open merchandise car came to a stop immediately in front of her. A brakeman reclined within on some straw, lazily indulging in a "swig," watching her impudently over the upturned bottle. Taking it from his mouth he suggested: "Private stock." Then, winking at her he added, "If you're so all-fired anxious to get across, I'll let you jump through here. Besides it will add to your beauty. Too much fat aint handsome."

Mrs. Young's eyes all but popped out of her head in anger.

"Bless you, I'll give you a hoist. Little Jimmy loves the ladies."

Silence.

"Been kinda hard on your dress, aint it? All busted under the arms."

Mrs. Young wielded her sunshade as if to strike, but suddenly, swiftly, the train backed away. The huge engine came into



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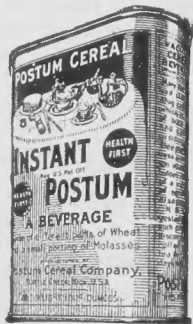
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Mistaken Identity

By Carolyn M. Lyle

WALLACE King stood studying the sky from the open window of the spacious living room; not a cloud in sight. In fact the whole out of doors presented the grandeur of early summer and seemed to call to him to come out into the blessed sunshine, the fresh air that mother nature supplied so bounteously.

"This is such a splendid day, Bess, suppose we go for a spin in the country," said he.

"Oh, I'd love to go, Wally, but I really must finish this gown, you know."

"How long will it take you to finish it," he asked.

"I could finish it in an hour if I have no bad luck, it would take longer than that if I do," and Bess smiled up into Wally's face and began to stitch faster and faster. She did so want to get out of doors this beautiful day, but the gown must be finished. Perhaps, if she hurried she could have it finished in less than an hour. Wally always had to fuss with the car whenever they went anywhere—if he would only fuss a little longer than usual this time she could be ready, she was sure, so she asked, "Is the car all ready?"

"Oh, I don't know, need some gas maybe, I'll go and look it over," and he left the room whistling a happy little tune. He inspected the car and soon Bess heard "toot, toot, toot," from outside the window. She jumped at the first toot, pricked her finger with the needle and, before she could drop her work and reach the door the second series of toots came shriller than before. When she reached the door Wally called "I need some gas and oil, Bess, I'll go and get some and you see if you can't have that thing finished when I get back and we'll go out to the Lake, have tea, and drive home in the evening. Wouldn't you enjoy that, eh?"

"All right, I'll try," was what Wally heard her say but, what he did not hear was, "of all the silly things. Why couldn't he have gone after the gas without making me leave my work. I've wasted at least five minutes when I might have been working."

"Well, if this dress is not finished, I see where I stay at home from the Gordon's tea. I will finish it," came from tightly closed lips and she stitched away faster than ever. She was growing nervous and this lent speed to her nimble fingers for a time. Then she discovered a mistake she had made in her haste and when she had to rip out almost one whole seam, it added to her agitation until she could hardly settle herself to work again. "Toot, toot, toot," again sounded outside the window.

"Oh, botheration," she exclaimed angrily as she dropped her sewing and rushed to the door to see what Wally had to say this time.

WALLY King was all unconscious of the tempest that was rising within his wife's breast, all unconscious of the effect his words would have when he said, "Say, Bess, Tom Grey has my tire pump and I thought I'd better go over and get it. Might need it, you know. Punctures and blow outs happen to the best of cars, any way, it is best to have it along" and the car glided away. Bessie's "all right" was shouted after it and to herself she said, "Well, of all the idiots—of course he couldn't go and get the old pump without first coming to tell me about it. My poor dress, will I ever get it finished? I wonder if husbands are all alike?"

This time Wally was gone quite a few minutes and when he returned the dress was finished and Bess was making herself ready for the promised drive in the country. She knew Wally hated to be kept waiting. She was in a regular fever of excitement. She tried to lace her boots; somehow the laces just would not go through the lace holes that were made for them. At last she gave up trying and just tied the strings around her slim ankles thinking she could lace them after she got into the car. Then she tried to arrange her hair but when it was done it was more untidy than when she began, so she threw herself across the bed weeping. Then came that annoying "toot, toot, toot." Up she jumped and ran to the door as though she was running away from an explosion. Her hair was hanging down

her back, her boot laces had come untied and were tangling her feet, she had her dress over her arm—she had grabbed it from the hook as she passed on her way to the door.

"Ready now, Bess?" asked Wally.

"NO," screamed Bess, and she turned and ran back to the bedroom. Frantically she grabbed the comb and ran it through her thick brown hair. What matter if it did pull out a handful or two? Wasn't there plenty of it any way? She got it all combed together so that she could twist it into a tight little knot and then jabbed a hair pins through it to hold it in place. She rammed her head into her hat and then tried to put her skirt on over her head. Of course Wally didn't know what a plight she was in or he never would have tooted the horn that time just to remind her to hurry—that he was waiting. Hearing it only added to her awkwardness. She fumbled with fastenings, she hunted for pins. Nothing she wanted seemed to be in its proper place.

When Bess did not answer his last "toot" Wally thought he would go in and see for himself what was keeping her so long. When Bess saw him at the door she turned toward him and fairly screamed. "Wally King, if you ever, ever toot that auto horn at me again when I'm dressing I'll come right out and climb into the car beside you no matter if I am only half dressed. I'll carry the rest of my clothes under my arm and put them on as we drive along if you are in such a hurry that you can't wait for me to dress in my room."

The astonished Wally could only stand and stare at his angry wife. "Why, Bessie, wh-wat's the matter?" he finally stammered.

"Matter? I've worked my head off to finish that dress so I could go with you, and because I wasn't ready the minute you thought I should be you tooted that old horn to hurry me up a little. As though I wasn't hurrying as fast as I possibly could before." The tears that she had been holding back now broke forth and ran down her cheeks like rain.

"There, there," soothed Wally patting her shoulders that shook with convulsive sobs. "There, there, don't cry Bessie. I'm sorry—I didn't know—I'll lace your boots and you'll be ready in no time."

Bessie dried her tears as best she could and rearranged her hair. This time her hat was not jammed on her head. She even took time to powder her nose, "for" she said "it looks so awfully shiny."

THE drive in the pure air of the country seemed to sooth Bessie's tired nerves and before they reached the lake she was her own sweet tempered self once more. In fact, she seemed to have forgotten the outbreak of the hour before. Wally could not forget. They had been married nearly a year and he had never witnessed such an outbreak on her part before. If she gave way to her temper when she had no cause to speak of, what would she do if she had a real grievance? He continued to think over Bessie's shortcomings for some time and finally came to the conclusion that she would never have acted so if she had not been tired and nervous. He even wished that he could afford to have Bessie's clothes made for her by some competent person, also, he did wish they could afford a maid. Bessie would not be tired and irritable then.

They had tea at the lake, a row in a funny little row boat afterwards, and then drove home in the early evening.

While Wally put the car away, Bess foraged in the ice box for something to eat. "What, hungry again?" laughed Wally as he came into the kitchen.

"Yes, aren't you? A ride always makes me ravenously hungry no matter if I have eaten a hearty meal only the hour before," explained Bess.

After the lunch was cleared away they sat in the living room and read the evening paper for a half hour or more before retiring.

"Nothing in this paper any more," complained Bess.

"Nothing very interesting, that's true," agreed Wally, then as he turned another

page he asked, "Did you see this article about Anne Crawford escaping from the asylum again?"

"No, has she escaped again?"

"Yes, she was missed at noon to-day." Then he read aloud. "Anne Crawford who has been for some time an inmate and patient in Dr. Stewart's Private Sanitarium has again evaded the watchful eye of the attendant and escaped. She escaped a few months ago but was taken back when only a few blocks from the asylum. This time she seems to have succeeded in getting away for up to the time of going to press nothing has been learned of her whereabouts. She is not in the least violent; in fact her mania seems to be that of collecting clothes that she never wears, for she often appears very scantily clad; usually she carries what, to her deranged mind, seems like surplus garments, under her arm. Should any of the towns people see her they would kindly communicate with Dr. Stewart at once. Attendants are searching everywhere for her, and it is hoped she will soon be returned to the Sanitarium."

"Anne Crawford, she is the girl who had a mania for beautiful evening gowns. She had dozens of them in her closets when she went insane," said Bess.

"I don't remember her," said Wally, as he continued to look over the remainder of the paper.

"Surely you remember Colonel Crawford's only daughter who went insane soon after he returned from overseas," explained Bess.

"Yes, now that you speak of her father I do remember her. She was just about your height and had brown hair like yours," stated Wally.

"Yes, that description fits her," said Bess. "Poor creature, I wonder where she is now. Perhaps she has been taken back to Dr. Stewart by this time," and still busy with thoughts of the demented girl Bess carefully folded the papers and retired to her room.

THE next day Bessie was far too busy to have time to think of poor Anne Crawford. She had her usual household tasks to attend to and it was the day of the Gordon's tea which she was to attend. The tea was followed by a theatre party so she did not get home until late. She retired almost immediately so did not take time to read the paper to see whether the unfortunate Anne had been returned to the doctor's care or not.

Saturday was a half holiday at the bank where Wally worked. To-day they had planned to go to the country for the afternoon. Bess was to be ready when Wally came home; they would take their lunch with them and eat it beside a merry little brook in the shade of the big spreading maple trees.

Bess had been very busy all the morning but now she had finished the last of her household tasks; the lunch was packed and everything ready should Wally come at any moment. She was employing the last few minutes before his arrival in arranging her hair and donning her dress. When she was only about half dressed she looked at the clock to see just how much time she had before Wally would be there when what should she hear but that familiar, if forbidden, "toot, toot, toot," outside. Wally had arrived and he had tooted that horn again. "Wally King," she exclaimed aloud, "I told you what I'd do if you ever tooted that old horn at me again," and true to her word she caught up her dress, her hat and gloves and started for the car.

When Wally tooted the auto horn it was to call Bess to the door to tell her he was going after his fish line which was at his father's a few blocks down the street. The last toot had barely died away when he remembered Bess' threat of two days before. He bit his lip in consternation, threw in the clutch and the car was half a block down the street when the angry Bess appeared. She slammed the door behind her as she came out—it being fitted with a Yale lock, it was fastened when closed. She rushed around the porch to the side entrance where she fully expected to see Wally and the car waiting for her, but to her surprise, neither greeted her gaze. She stood motionless, stupidly staring at the spot in the driveway where the car should be and was not. Then, remembering her state of undress she retraced her steps only to find the door locked. She thought

of the kitchen door and wondered if by any lucky chance it was unlocked. As she was rounding the porch kitchenward a man jumped from a passing automobile shouting "Stop, Bill, there she is," and just as Bessie turned the corner of the porch he came up behind her and pinioned both her arms tight to her sides.

"Oh," screamed Bess as she turned and saw him. "Oh," again as she tried to break away from his grasp. "Oh, don't, let me alone," as he and the other man from the car carried her to the car and with an "Easy, Miss, easy, now, we ain't going to hurt you," put her in and climbed in beside her. She kicked, screamed and fought for some time all to no purpose. Then, when she was exhausted from trying to free herself she sat still except for the sobs that shook her whole body. The man addressed as Bill rode beside her. "Do you want to put your coat on, Miss," he finally asked and he helped her put her bare arms into the sleeves of the coat. She pinned her hat on and then as her tears had subsided she asked "Wh-where are you t-taking me to?" "Just takin' you back to the doctor," answered Bill. This dried her tears at once. "Back to the doctor," she exclaimed. "Whom do you think I am?"

"Oh, I know who you be, Miss, and also where you belong," and Bill smiled a very self satisfied smile which seemed to say "Wasn't I smart to find that girl?"

"You surely don't think—you cannot think I'm—Why, I'm Mrs. King," affirmed Bess.

"Oh, it is Mrs. King this time, eh? Last time you was took back you was Lady Sarah Somebody or other. Say, Tom" to the man who was driving the car, "Listen to this, and don't make any mistakes about it, Miss Anne, er, the lady is Mrs. King this time."

When Bess tried to explain that she ran out of the house expecting to find her husband waiting for her, her explanation was met with Bill's kindly, "Well, its all right now, Miss, you can just step in here while I 'phone Mac and tell him you're here waiting for him."

Bess saw they were stopping at the entrance to the big Sanitarium over which Dr. Stewart presided. She knew the doctor real well so she felt sure he would let her return home immediately. Wally would be waiting. The car stopped and, escorted by Bill on one side and Tom on the other she traversed the short distance to the steps, up the steps, then into the doctor's office. "Oh, Dr. Stewart," she cried, "Please tell them they have made a mistake. You know I'm not Anne Crawford, don't you?"

"An---, Well, Bless my soul! Bess King, how did they happen to mistake you for Anne Crawford?"

"Because I was foolish enough to try to break Wally of tooting the auto horn at me when I was dressing," and she told the doctor how Wally had tooted the horn and she had ran out partly dressed as she had told him she would, if he did it. The good old doctor held his sides and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. "That's the latest way to break a husband"—and he went off again into peal after peal of laughter. Then he reached for the telephone and called the King residence.

When Wally returned with the rod and reel he drove up to the side door and waited, five, ten, fifteen minutes—but he did not toot the horn. He even hoped Bess had not noticed that he tooted it before. He waited another five minutes and then when Bess did not appear he went into the house to see if she was ready. When he found the door locked he only thought Bess had heard the horn and was angry. He really had not meant to do it, in fact it was already done when he remembered her threat. He felt in his pocket for the key, he'd go in and explain it to her—tell her he was sorry. He hoped she was ready for he was very hungry and there was a ten mile drive before they would eat lunch. Wally searched the house, calling Bess from time to time, but no answer. He found the lunch basket ready and thought she must have gone to the grocery for some last trifle she wanted to put into it. He went out on the porch expecting to see her coming down the street. No Bess in sight. He might as well put the lunch and the robes into the car, he thought. Bess would be along soon. While he was still at the car he heard the telephone bell. "Darn

Continued on page 41.

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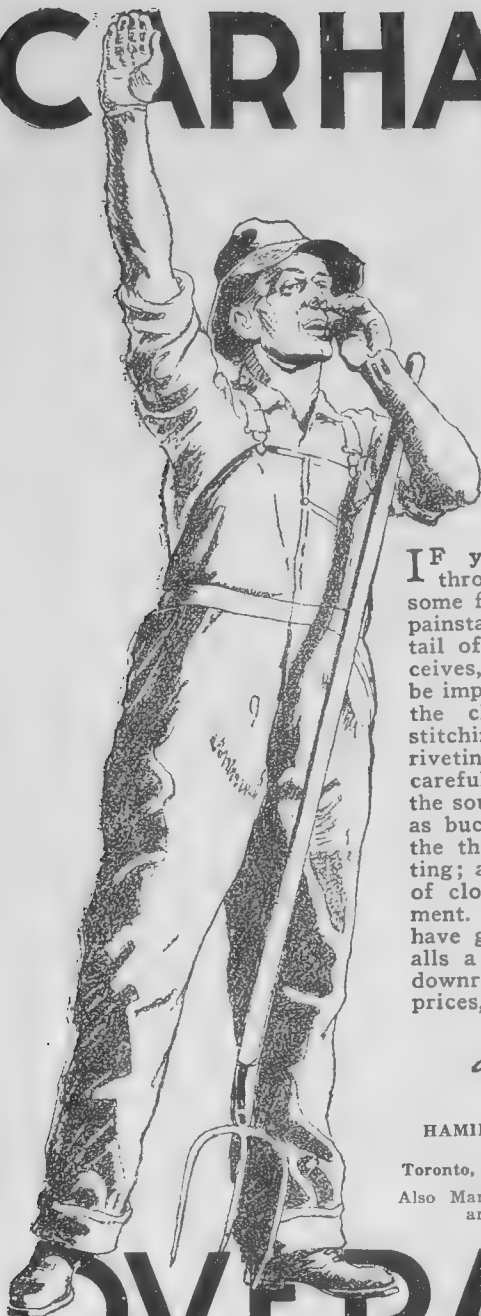
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OVERALLS

The Honor of the Force

Continued from page 5

and had a good meal, chatting amiably and the settlers were never given to understand by word or look that these were prisoners, and they knew better than to ask questions, but drew their own conclusions.

In tendays from the time of starting Effingham was back. He arrived at night with his two prisoners, turned them and the horses over to the care of the other men of the detachment, then went in to report the details of his expedition to the O.C.

"Good work, Effingham," said that officer; "now you deserve a good rest. I advise a good sleep, go and take it."

"Am I relieved of duty sir?"

"You certainly are, until further orders."

By this time his fellow police had disposed of the prisoners and saddle-horses and had turned in.

But Effingham could not rest. Late as it was he tubbed, shaved, polished up and taking a fresh horse, rode out to the Burton homestead. It was five o'clock when he arrived there, early even on a farm in the shortening days of the Western fall.

His rap brought Burton's challenge "Who's there?"

"It's I—Effingham."

Dick hastily dressed and let him in, "Hello, Ed, got back eh?"

"Yep, got back after midnight, and here I am already. How's everything been?"

"All right, Eff, but there are some explanations coming from you."

"What about Dick?"

"Eff, I had an idea you and Vera were hitting it off pretty well, and I was all prepared with my blessing, and now I find you're engaged to Lila Deane."

"Engaged to Lila Deane—what rot! Didn't Vera get my letter? I'm here to get her answer, anyway. It's just what I've been living for ever since I left."

"Well, she got a note declining some invitation or other but Lila got the proposal Eff. Poor old chap, you must have mixed things. The Deane's grabbed at it, as you may suppose, announced the engagement and all. Everybody's laying to congratulate you."

"Good Heavens, Dick, what an awful affair," cried Effingham starting up wildly, and then sinking to a chair, pale and trembling. The force of this blow and the reaction of weariness after his trip almost caused a collapse. "I must straighten this affair out and what a cad I shall appear!" He shuddered as if with nausea.

"Don't attempt to straighten things out, Edwin," said a clear voice, and Vera, fresh as a rose in her blue gingham, appeared from her room. "Of course I heard your conversation in this small house. It would be misunderstood by people and break you with the Force."

"Well," said Dick, "I must attend to my stock, you people thresh it all out."

"But just a moment, Dick," said the policeman "here I am ruining my own life and your's, because, I'm sure, Lila, if left alone would turn to you—and I flatter myself it means something to Vera too."

"I give it up," said Dick, "But Eff you do as Vera says, we're your friends first and last, and your honor is ours."

When they were alone Effingham said, and his whole heart was in his eyes "Vera just let me hear you say that you love me and I can go through anything—that's the only thing that matters after all."

"There's nothing to be gained by denying it," answered Vera turning pale and looking down—"I love you, Edwin."

"And yet," he said passionately drawing her to him, "You would expect me to pretend to love another woman, perhaps marry her."

"But the Honor of the Force, Edwin."

"I know, I know—but there must be some way."

"Yes dear, I've thought the whole thing out so as to spare everybody's feelings. Go through with it as best you can for the present, but get your superiors to transfer you to some place else. The Deane's will very probably take up some fresh fad, Dick will do his best as he's always done to win Lila and through time all will be well. I shall wait and hope."

"I guess that's the only way Vera, if I expect to stay with the Police, and my heart is certainly in the work. But you don't know how I dread it. I'm a one woman man Vera and you're all the world to me. It seems a sacrilege to me

to appear to claim some one else. What a home-coming this is because I'm a blundering idiot!"

Vera was trembling and pale, "Wait and hope that's all—and Ed, you mustn't come here any more—not often anyway," as she saw his blank look.

HAVING been keyed up to the highest pitch in the successful assignment of police duty and also in anticipation of seeing and hearing Vera, Constable Effingham as he rode over the prairie toward barracks was conscious of an intense weariness and depression and with a bursting headache besides. He felt that fate had dealt him a crushing blow. But there was a glow of pride in his heart too to think that his love was centred in one who had his honor so much at heart, and to think that so noble a girl loved him. "I could not love thee dear, so well, loved I not honor more," he quoted aloud, his voice breaking the stillness and startling a jack-rabbit into a series of wild jumps across the prairie.

Being off duty and very tired Effingham was allowed to sleep most of the day. The Deane's, having heard that he had returned, left an invitation at the barracks for him to come that evening for dinner.

In his sound sleep he had forgotten all his troubles, but the invitation handed him and the chaffing from his fellow police who of course knew all about his "engagement" put the mill-stone again around his neck.

His head ached and he was pale and shaky. "Come, come," the other fellows would say, "Look happy can't you?"

His evident illness dampened the spirits of the dinner party and he was permitted to go home early.

The O.C. looking at Effingham's pale cheeks and dull eyes, sent for the doctor at once.

"Typhoid—he's got a dose of bad water up North likely," was the M.D.'s verdict.

There was a cottage hospital in the little town and the patient was hastily driven there and the nurse installed in charge of him.

His fever mounted and the unfortunate fellow babbled away about Vera and the wretched mistake about the letter: "What a blundering idiot I am to get into such a mix-up! How could I ever put that letter in the wrong envelope! Heavens—if it was something I could get out and fight—but Vera says I must stay with it for the honor of the force."

And so it went on, sometimes connected, sometimes disjointed—a wearisome repetition.

Miss Anderson, the nurse in charge was a capable, discreet woman of middle age, whose profession was her sole interest in life. No soldier or no policeman ever was more loyal to his business than she.

She knew that something was on her patient's mind and, from no idle curiosity but merely as an unfavorable symptom that might be removed, she endeavored to find out what this worry was. She knew everybody in the small town, but this "Vera" was unknown to her. There was no mention of Lila to whom her patient was understood to be engaged.

Nearly every day some of the Deane family came to inquire how Effingham was doing, or even to take a peep at him in his starkly clean surroundings.

Dick Burton came too very often and with a worried face. The day before the fever broke he brought Vera. The nurse knew Dick but she had never seen his sister, did not know exactly that he had one. "Meet my sister Miss Anderson," he said, and then she heard him address the girl as "Vera."

They were discussing his case in the little reception room when Lila Deane also came in.

"Yes," continued the nurse "his fever is beginning to go down a few degrees and he is resting quite nicely at present."

Miss Anderson could see, with perfect equanimity, people cut open and sewed up again, legs and arms cut off, if it was for the patient's good, and so she did not flinch now from the task she had set for herself.

Looking calmly around the group she went on: "Now that the right parties are together I'm going to tell you something strange. Needless to say I have not and will not mention it to any one else. My patient is my first consideration and I want him to begin getting well with no set-backs or relapses. He has some definite worry on his mind and I'd like to

Continued on page 33



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The Sacrifice of the Mountains

By F. W. Patterson

I HAVE always thought of the mountains as the symbols of the Eternal. In common with all who have known them, I have been impressed with their solidity and their permanence. In a single life-time they undergo relatively little change. Generations come and go, but the mountains remain much the same. Millenniums pass, but the mountains abide. The Rocky Mountains and the other ranges of North America, as well as the other great mountain ranges of today, stand much as they stood at the dawn of human history. How natural it has become to speak of the "eternal hills" and the "eternal snows!" The phrases are singularly appropriate. The mountains are fit symbols of eternity.

I am more familiar with the mountains of my native land than with any others: The Rockies, Selkirks and the Coast Range. I have crossed them many times during the last twenty years, but of late I have thought of them differently. I am still impressed with their strength and their permanence. Yet, the permanence is only relative. In relation to the brief span of human life the mountains endure; but in relation to the long process of geologic time the mountain ranges of today are but the children of yesterday, and will have passed away tomorrow. So far are they from being eternal that the span of the mountains is only relatively enduring. This must come afresh to one who makes the journey over the Rockies from Calgary to Vancouver and notes the effects of ice and water, of climate and weather upon the mountain ranges. The melting snows pour themselves toward the sea depositing some of their burden of rock and gravel and earth along their quieter reaches, and carrying much of it to the sea itself. The river sources constantly cut their way back and open new areas to their denuding and eroding action. Heat and cold and storm do their part in the work of destruction. In fact the mountain range, itself a part of nature, is a challenge to the forces of nature to destroy it; a challenge that is at once accepted. The battle is long. It is to be

elevated to a great distance above the sea, was built up. The sacrifice of the mountains meant the birth of the soil. Nor was this the only sacrifice. The later ranges have been undergoing the same process. The vegetation of a thousand millenniums has grown and ripened and rotted until the rich loam of the prairie has been formed; further, as Fiske has reminded us, "Any summer field, though mantled in softest green, is the scene of butchery as wholesale as that of Neerwinden and far more ruthless. The life of its countless tiny denizens is one of unceasing toil, of crowding and jostling, where the weaker fall unpitied by the way, of starvation from hunger and cold, of robbery utterly shameless and murders utterly cruel. That green sward in taking possession of its territory has exterminated scores of flowering plants of the sort that human economics and aesthetics stigmatize as weeds; nor do the blades of the victorious army dwell side by side in amity, but in their eagerness to dally with the sunbeams thrust aside and supplant one another without the smallest compunction." Sacrifice of the mountains! Sacrifice of the forests! Sacrifice of a thousand harvests! This is the law of progress in the world in which we live.

YET, it is not the law of this planet alone. The sun is the great source of light and heat, yet it gives light and heat only as its substance is slowly consumed. Scientists have estimated that coal the size of the state of Rhode Island must be burned to produce the heat of one summer day. The fact is that the law of Progress through Sacrifice is the law of the Universe. The universe is made for men, yet it is only as it gives of itself that the conditions necessary to support life can be secured. Sacrifice is everywhere. The foundations of the world are laid in sacrifice.

In this respect the Material Universe is "A Parable of Human Life" for here also sacrifice is the condition of progress. Every advance that has been made has taken a heavy toll of life and of comfort.



BURGESS PASS

The rounded section of the mountain indicates that a great deal of erosion has taken place and that this section has worn rapidly. Some rocks erode more rapidly than others. A stream such as that appearing in the picture is constantly carrying detritus towards the lower level.

measured by aeons, but at no time is the issue of the battle in doubt. From the day the mountain peaks lift their proud heads toward the heavens it is inevitable that they be brought low.

At times great areas are captured at a single stroke. Such a capture was that at Frank in the Rockies when a few years ago half a mountain peak yielded almost without warning to the disruptive power of nature's forces. But, for the most part the process is slow. Evidences of this conflict are to be found everywhere. Students of geology will know that the Rockies are relatively young. The remains of older ranges are to be found at places along the Western Coast, around the Hudson's Bay and along the Eastern Coast of Canada and the United States. These ranges, belonging to the Archean age, have yielded their substance, in part to form the bed of the great plain that now occupies the central part of the continent, but at that time a huge sea. The mountains were sacrificed until only the remnants remain—but in the sacrifice of the mountains the great plain, since

Every liberty that has been won for humanity has been won at the cost of blood. The pioneers and purchasers of progress have been the martyrs. We are too apt to take our liberties for granted and to forget that they have been purchased with a great price. Take "Liberty of Thought" for example. There are few who would not regard it as an axiom of life that a man has the right to think as his intelligence may lead him. The thoughts of one man or group of men cannot be bound by the thinking of others. It is of course true that any intelligent man will not disregard the thinking of others, yet he cannot be bound by that thinking. He must think his own thoughts and reach his own conclusions on the basis of facts as they appear to him. This, I say, is regarded as an axiom today; yet at a great price obtained we this freedom. While it has always been true that no power could hinder freedom of thought if those thoughts were unexpressed, there is no real freedom of thought that does not carry with it freedom of

Continued on page 27



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The Plum Tree House

By Edith G. Bayne

THEY were pulling down the little old house—the house by the plum tree. For some reason it had been left till the last, although standing midway of half-a-dozen now razed. Stark and lone it lifted its single gable amid the feathery, delicate greens and reds of budding trees, the trees that had companioned it through the years, and greatest of all these, standing closest of all, was the big old plum tree, its friendly arms out-spread over the sloping roof, fond, protective to the end. In other and happier springs as the old tree shed its mantle of blossoms this roof was wont to lie snowed-under in a fragrant blanket of petals, but the little house was not to see another blossoming. It was coming down, and before the first bud burst would be lying but one more heap of dust among the many in this area of desolation.

The blue-and-gold morning was climbing to its zenith and the workmen were slackening a little. An argument was in progress between a husky young demolisher sitting up aloft on a cross-beam and a worker below who, it appeared, had narrowly missed having his head bashed in by a heavy missile just thrown. Verbal bouquets were flying back and forth and sensitive women passing on the street hastened their steps. A large plank came hurtling down and struck the earth with a resounding slam. A

“Boy,” she said, and her voice was scarcely more than a whisper; “boy, your eyes are better than mine. Tell me, you—you don’t happen to see a car—a long, grey car—down there at the corner?”

“Ma’am? No, ma’am, there’s no car.”

She sighed, evidently with relief. The youth rose after a moment or two and strolled past her toward the house. His interest in her was slight. But he had gone only a few yards when she called to him again and he turned and came back.

“Boy,” she said, “do you know if the old plum tree is coming down too?”

“Yes, ma’am, I think so. The boss says it’s in the way.”

She gave a little inarticulate cry.

“In the way?” she repeated, dully.

“Yes, ‘m. There’s a swell apartment-house going up right here, you see. Did—did you want to see the boss or anybody?” he asked, politely.

“No,” she answered. “No. I must be going.”

She passed around the front of the house toward the street, and he followed slowly. She stopped presently and pointed to the little flight of stairs visible since the demolishers had torn the left wall out.

“Many and many a time,” she said, “have I tripped up and down there, singing.” He had already guessed that

choking cloud of dust rose, setting everyone in the vicinity coughing, and when it cleared there appeared, as though by some magical agency, the figure of a woman seated on a pile of boards near the big plum tree. She was fashionably dressed and elderly.

“There’s the old lady again,” one of the workmen said to another, jerking his head sideways.

“Blest if I don’t believe she springs out o’ the ground!” was the other’s rejoinder.

Whistles blew, bells proclaimed noon and the workmen descended. One, a shy youth of less than twenty, seated himself under the plum tree and opened his dinner-pail with a certain diffidence. He wished the old lady would go away. When he had finished eating he drew out a pipe and began to smoke.

The old lady continued to regard the partly-demolished house with a gaze that had a strange farawayness in it. So might Wordsworth have mused upon Tintern Abbey. Suddenly she spoke to the youth. They were only a few feet apart.

she must have lived here, and nodded. “Such a tiny little house to have held so much happiness! There! See the corner in the little parlour between the windows? The piano stood there. That piano! How we saved and scrimped for it! The things I did without so that the girls could have music lessons! And there’s the side-porch my husband made with his own hands. We had a vine over it every year. . . . Such a homely little house, so cramped, so ugly—so full of lovely memories, little tender memories, dreams, babies’ laughter. . . . And the garden back there! It had lily-of-the-valley and mignonette and johnny-jump-ups. . . . I was so glad to leave the little plum tree house and move into the big one on the hill. And now—”

“It sure is a queer place for the likes of you, ma’am, to live in,” the boy said, respectfully.

“The bride of to-day,” she continued as though she hadn’t heard, “must have a fully furnished house, complete from the Chesterfield down to the last cke-tin. I wonder—I wonder is she as happy

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DUCK LAKE

By V. W. Horwood

IT WAS exciting in those early days of March '85 and as I came to Batoche after a trip to Poundmaker's Reserve, I found the place seething. As I galloped my little Cerise through the village I was hailed,

"Ho! Ho! Henri, where so fast?"

I pulled up, doffing my cap to the good Priest, Father Moulin. To tell the truth I would rather have not seen the good Father as I was the bearer of news to Louis Riel, and from what I had heard riding back from Poundmaker's Reserve, Louis had been carrying things with the Church in a high hand.

"From whence come you, Henri?"

"Oh the West," indefinitely waving my arm.

He looked at me and I thought smiled rather sadly.

"There are bad works going on, Henri," said he.

"Why so, Father! We have the rights on our side."

"Nothing my son, is gained by violence before other means are exhausted" and he shook his head. "You have heard the news?"

"Nothing Father. I have come from a long trip to the West."

"Louis Riel has seized the Church, and has his headquarters in it, desecrating the Holy place. I am sure he is mad, Henri."

I hotly interrupted, "But Father, some things have to be done that would not be otherwise, and I am sure that Louis will restore to Holy Church a hundred-fold."

"My son, the times have indeed changed when a Priest of Mother Church is flouted by her children." The tears came to his eyes and my heart felt for him.

"Never mind Father, all will come right in the end."

"I trust so, and where are you bound for Henri?"

"I must see what is going on, Father."

"Good-bye my son."

"Good-bye Father."

I left him and made for Riel's headquarters, feeling rather bad that the good Priest's feelings were hurt, and thinking that Riel should have been more loyal to his religion. I tethered Cerise and stood amongst the crowd of men at the Church door. A call soon came for me and I entered the building. Riel was sitting at a table below the Altar and his keen restless eyes fastened on me in a way which made me nervous. I was struck at the change in him since I had last left.

The responsibilities of his acts were weighing heavily on him. Gabriel Dumont was sitting beside him, with a crowd of half-breeds and Indians around.

"Well, well, Chatelaine, and what is your news?" cried Riel as I entered.

His voice rang through the Church silencing every whisper.

"Well, what is it?"

As I came up to the table I glanced at the crowd of men around the place, and remained silent. It was not for me, a Grandson of a French Noble to shout my news to every eager ear. I did not know how much these men were in Riel's confidence, and I think my friends, that young as I was, I bore myself as a man should.

"Don't you hear what the President says?" snarled Gabriel Dumont bringing his hand down on the table.

"Yes, yes, answer President Riel" came a chorus of threatening voices from the crowd of men in the Church.

I negligently shifted my rifle and flicked some snow off my leggings, yet answered nothing, only gazing insolently at the crowd.

"Hal'ha'ha!" roared my merry man Gabriel. "He doesn't like the scent, Louis. You are right, Henri. The Buffalo certainly relies on it's scent."

Riel nodded and a gleam of amusement came on his face, but immediately he resumed his stern careworn look. "We would be alone" said he curtly, waving to his followers in the Church; and the men grumblingly yet obligingly left us alone.

"Now Henri. Out with it," spoke up Dumont nervously.

"I failed," said I tersely.

A grim silence followed, and Riel impatiently threw his heavy mass of hair from his face. "Thank you Henri. We know it was from no fault of yours," said he, his square dark face lighting up with the smile which made us love him.

Gabriel Dumont nodded.

"Crow-Foot?" said he enquiringly.

"The last Indian," said I.

"No wonder you failed if he came," growled Gabriel, "You must have been in the Circle of the Gods."

"Yes."

"An ill omened place," said Riel.

"The Holy Cross came with him," said I, and I explained what had happened to me on my mission to Poundmaker's Reserve.

"Well we are right in it, Henri, but keep a quiet mouth or we will have our Indians here following Poundmaker."

"Yes," said Riel.

"Crozier is collecting his supplies and taking them into Carleton," said I.

"Pouf! pouf! We can get them back. Carleton is not fortified," said Dumont.

"Crozier has sent telegrams to the Government at Regina and Colonel Irvine is starting in force for Prince Albert."

A long whistle from Gabriel. "When did you hear that Henri?"

"As I came by Duck Lake."

"Louis, we will have to act. It is as I said. Action is everything. Beat them before they start properly and then we can make good terms."

Riel was silent. I could see that Dumont's influence was hurrying him along into deeds he had not contemplated when he came into Canada from Montana.

"The Government of Canada will surely recognize our just claims," said he weakly. "Pouf! pouf!" snorted the old buffalo hunter. "Why will they? We are only a handful of breeds away up on the Saskatchewan. I tell you that we must take action. Beard's men are on the job and All-One-Arrow's band of Crees are with us."

"I thought we could rely on Poundmaker. Will he influence Big Bear, think you?"

"Never!" emphatically cried Gabriel Dumont. "Big Bear is with us and his Indians are only waiting a chance to go on the war path."

"What would you advise?"

"Cut off Crozier's supply trains, pen him up in Carleton, and stop Colonel Irvine from making a connection with him."

"You know the country Henri. What say you?" said Riel.

"I say that before you go on, Holy Church must be respected," replied I boldly.

"What! What!" cried Riel, his features convulsed with rage. "What—you advise me. You!" and he sputtered. "Me submit to those who are my enemies. The old Roman Woman—Never! Never!" and he jumped up, his hands twisting, his whole body in a nervous fury.

Continued on page 16

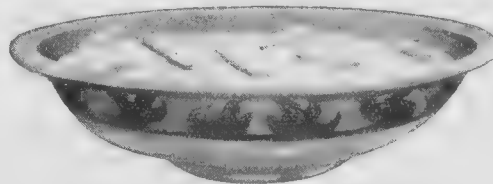


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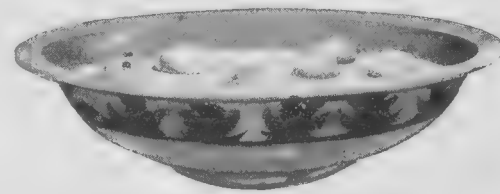
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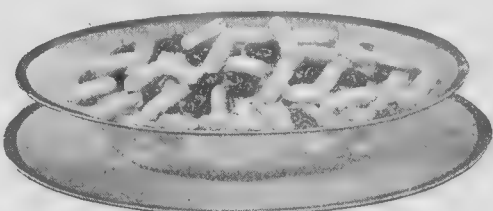


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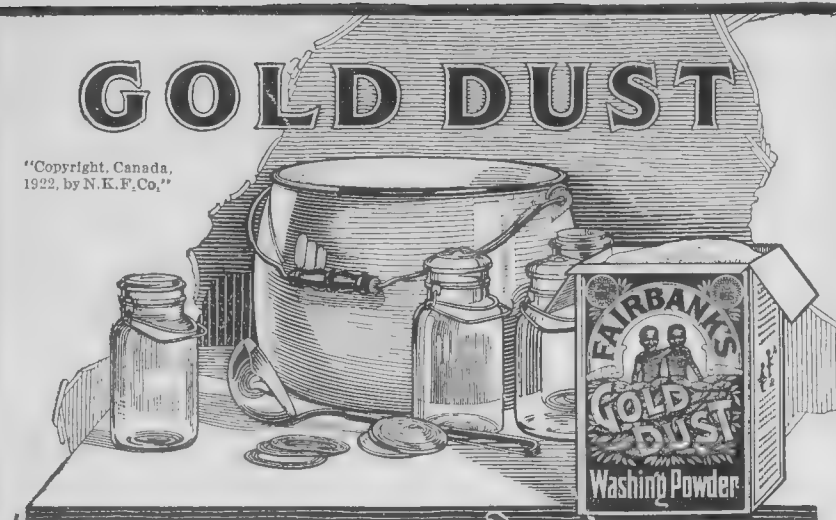
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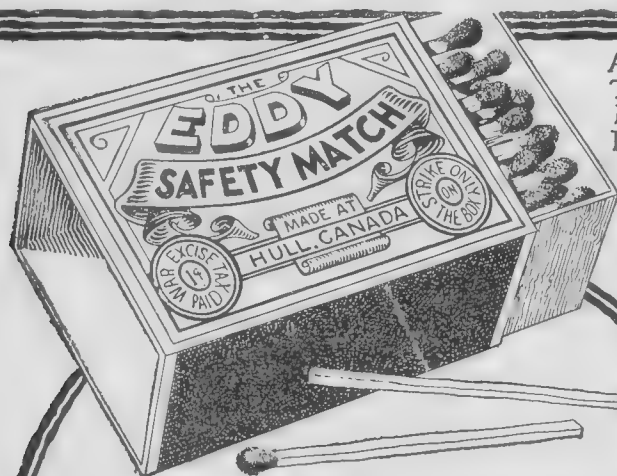
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B-52

DUCK LAKE

Continued from page 11

Gabriel looked at me in dismay. "Hush hush," said he. "We must not offend the good Priests too far. They are our friends and intercessors even if now their councils are wrong."

Riel recovered his composure as quickly as he had lost it, although the twitching of his face showed the nervous passions consuming the man.

"Well," said he, harshly, "Henri Chate-laine is our scout, not our adviser."

"Louis Riel," said I calmly, "You may be fighting for our liberties but the good Priests fight for our lost Souls," and I crossed myself.

"True, Henri," said Riel calmly, "but I am having a flag with the Ten Commandments put on it so that we will fight under the Holy Spirit."

I left and Gabriel followed me.

"Louis is going too far in offending the Priests," said he morosely, "but when we get our ends we will make it up to them, eh, Henri?"

I left him and went to the Priest's house to perform my duty and confess, but to my dismay he refused—"You are a good son Henri, but I cannot. Your ways which we consider are not right debar you from the Church's rites, sad as I am to say so."

"But, Father, everything will soon be settled and all made right with the Church."

"My son, my son. Right never came from wrong. Louis Riel is sinning. Innocent blood will stain your cause. I cannot confess you Henri, much as I would wish."

My friends, you are sitting here beside me, and the fireplace is throwing its gleam on your faces; so, it is hard for you to imagine my dismay on that cold March day in Batoche's Village, as I came from the good Priest's door. I went to Gabriel Dumont's. He nodded as I told my story.

"Yes, I the same was refused, and Riel cannot receive the Holy Sacrament."

"How does Louis Riel take that?"

"Sometimes Henri, I think Louis is not in his right mind. For instance the flag he is having made—the Priests will not bless it, and of what use will the Ten Commandments be unblessed, eh! Henri?"

"But we cannot go on in this way Gabriel."

"We will have to fix it up with the good Father, but we must not let Louis be too hasty. I have another trip for you Henri. Major Crozier is so busy at Carleton that you had better spend some time scouting around there."

Now although I had just arrived at Batoche, still Cerise my horse, due to my care, was quite fresh, and I started that evening towards Duck Lake. It was intensely cold and the snow crust was very hard, not an advantage for a mounted man, as, if I left the trail, the snow crust cut my little horse's legs cruelly. I had travelled some way towards Duck Lake. It was getting dark and as I floundered on the trail I wished greatly to find shelter. Oh, my friends, you do not realize what it is to scout in weather forty degrees below zero, with two feet of snow around you, with evening coming on, and the Owl's "Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" sounding mournfully through the scrub; and the sudden howl of a solitary wolf, growing into a hunting chorus, as the pack pick up the blood trail. I was travelling towards a bluff of Poplar and Willow where I hoped to get shelter amongst the trees, as a biting North wind was beginning to blow.

What was that? Not a wolf. I pulled up Cerise. Quiet—except for the crackling of the Willows around me—again, a cry, a faint cry, bringing the sweat to my body. It was the cry of a child, or was it the cry of Carcajou, that Devil of the Woods? I crossed myself and muttered an Ave. I knew Carcajou the Devil who follows through the trees and tears your Soul from your body. Again came the cry out of the darkness at the left. Ha, I must find out. It might be the Devil of the Woods luring me on—but, still it might be a child, and I thought of what my Grandfather would do and decided to follow the cry.

Seeing my rifle was ready, I dismounted, as Cerise objected very much to the deep crusted snow, and leading her along tried to find a trail, but there was none, so I boldly plunged through the snow pulling the unwilling Cerise after me. It was hard walking amongst the willows, but at last I found myself on what I knew from

the feel under my moccasins, was a beaten path drifted over.

Reassured, I followed it and came to a log house amongst the Willows and Poplars. Cautiously I tied my little horse in a slip and scouted around, but there was not the sign of a track, and yet that piteous crying. To the door I went, and gently opened it, lighting my tinder and keeping out of the line of fire. Ah! I saw a child, a little child huddled beside what appeared to be a woman on a couch. All my doubts went. I entered and lighted a candle on the table. The child had shrunk on the floor in terror, hiding her face. I went over to her. "Oh, Mamma, Mamma, save me!" she cried in terror putting her face in the woman's dress. One glance was enough, the woman was dead.

"Oh, Little One, I will not hurt you" said I gently, getting one of her little cold hands in mine. "See Little Girl, I will warm your hands." "Oh, Mamma, Mamma," was all she moaned.

"Mother is all right now," I said quietly. "Come to me Little One and I will get you warm and Mother will be pleased. See, I will cover Mother up warm too."

Gradually I got the little girl into my arms and soon she was warm within my leather coat. The fire was quite out, and I saw that the mother must have fallen exhausted after attending to it. Keeping the child in my arms, I soon had a fire burning and looking about found some tea and bread. The warmth made the child sleepy and when she dozed off I wrapped her warmly in a blanket and covered the poor dead mother, muttering a prayer for her Soul. Although I knew she was a heretic, yet I prayed the Holy Mother that this poor mother should be lightened on her way through the Purgatory we must all pass.

Oh, my friends, the tears come to me when I think of the lonely vigils kept by the wives and mothers on the great voiceless prairies, when the wolves' howl goes up and the man does not return when he is expected.

I got my dainty Cerise into the room; pite! it was a close fit coming through the door, and her great eyes looked wonderingly, taking in the situation, and it was a situation. Here was I, supposed to be scouting, my people's safety maybe depending upon me, and had to take care of a dead woman and a little child.

But the little child was the good God's care to me and I must see it in safety even if the old Buffalo Hunter grumbled at the delay.

I carried the woman's body into another room covering her up; leaving her until her friends came for her.

About three o'clock I began to get breakfast and woke up the little tot. "Where is my Mamma?" she cried in her baby voice, staring at me with her wide Saxon blue eyes.

"She told me to take care of you, my little girl," said I gaily, and soon had her laughing with me, and found from her prattle that the Father had gone to Prince Albert, and as I knew could not get back through our scouts. "I will take you to Fort Carleton," said I.

"Oh, good, good! I want to go to town." Now to take her to Carleton meant considerable risk for me, but Henri Chatelainé never held back at duty's call. So soon we started as I knew my best chance was to get her over early. The sun was well up when I came upon a patrol, a Mounted Policeman. I trotted up to him as he watched me ready for anything.

"Hello Henri!" he grinned at me. "I heard you were a friend of Louis Riel's."

"That's not here nor there," said I. "You see, my friend, I have brought a little girl with me," and I whispered the circumstances into his sympathetic ear. That is one thing about those Mounted Police. You can trust them. I know, and every true man knows that in a Mounted Policeman's care the prettiest girl was as safe as with her brother, and brave—but that is their own story.

He looked at me intently for a time.

"I should bring you in Henri, but for this I'll chance it, and report the whole circumstances. Come to me little girl."

The child clung to me and wept bitterly at parting, but at last she went to him.

"But what am I to do?" and he swore softly. "I dare not leave my post Henri, and the little maid will perish with the cold."

"There is your answer," said I pointing to some figures travelling towards us. "Good-bye."

Concluded on page 19



Ready for a day's outing
Jasper National Park

Jasper National Park In The Heart Of The Canadian Rockies

bronze or marble. It is constantly admired from Jasper Park Lodge, and appears to be very near the Lodge but is in reality fifteen miles away. A good trail leads from the Lodge to Mount Edith Cavell and the distance is soon covered by saddle horse.

A 7-mile trip from Jasper Park Lodge brings the tourist to the Maligne Gorge, where the Maligne River takes a drop of 180 feet into the dark canyon, which is about a mile in length and at many points does not exceed ten feet across. Huge pot holes formed in the rock show a striking example of the erosive power of water. A chalet near Maligne Canyon is a convenient point from which to essay the task of climbing Roche Bonhomme (altitude 8,185 feet), which can be accomplished in four or five hours.

Being a game preserve, as well as a great national playground, shooting of wild animals and birds is prohibited. Beyond the confines of the park, however, sportsmen have opportunity for hunting big game such as cannot be



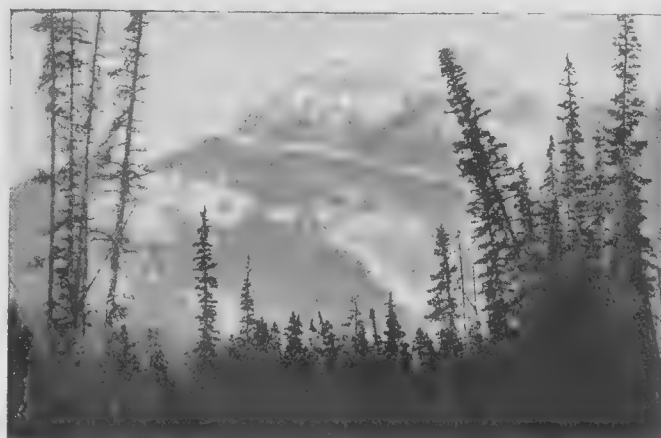
Lac Beauvert—
Pyramid Mt.
in background

The wealth of a nation is not all centered in its grain fields, livestock, gold, timber or industries. Jasper National Park, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies contains an unexcelled wealth of majestic mountains, deep canyons, beautiful lakes, rivers and waterfalls, snow fields and glaciers, which are the delight of alpinists and the admiration of sight-seers from all parts of the world. Jasper National Park covers 4,400 square miles and is the largest National Park in Canada. Mountains are the outstanding feature of this vast National Park. In number they exceed one hundred, the majority being over 8,000 feet high.

Artistically situated among the pines on the shore of beautiful Lac Beauvert is Jasper Park Lodge, which was opened this year by the Canadian National Railways, on June 15th. The Lodge consists of a central assembly building for dining, lounging, dancing, etc., and a group of bungalows for sleeping. It is a novel departure from the conventional hotel and is characteristic of a mountain holiday. Here tourists may sojourn in perfect ease and comfort through brilliant days, long twilight evenings and cool nights.

There is a great variety of exploration trips available for those who wish to hike, ride or drive to the points of scenic interest. Numerous trips may be taken by saddle horse, extending for half a day, a whole day or two or three days.

One point of particular attraction in Jasper National Park is Mount Edith Cavell, 11,033 feet high, named in honor of the heroic nurse, Miss Edith



Mount Edith
Cavell, Jasper
National Park
(Alt. 11,033 ft.)

Bears in Jasper National
Park Reserve



Cavell, who was shot to death by the Germans in Belgium during the war, in 1915. This mountain, so beautifully carved by Nature's master hand, and standing as it does as a monument to sacrificial love and honor, is more impressive than any monument cast in

found in any other part of the Dominion. Big game such as mountain goat, big horn mountain sheep, bear, moose, caribou and deer are to be found on the eastern slope of the Rockies and in the Brazeau Range south of the park.

North

North! There was never a name that lured,
Like the mighty frozen North.
North! There was never a drug that cured,
Like a breath of the frozen North;
Where the weakling falters in his stride
But the manly man is filled with pride,
As he scorns the ice and the blizzard's tide—
Of the mighty frozen North.

North! Like the crash of a mighty fray
Comes Spring to the frozen North.

North! When the "Frost Fiends" cease their sway,

No realm like the new born North.
Where the Grey Goose sentinel in Spring
Speeds arrow-like on tireless wings,
To a shore where the Behring's breakers fling—
Their sprays in the sun-lit North.

Harold F. Cruickshank.

She asked the class if anyone knew of any other ark in the Bible. The knowing boy, who had been spending his evenings rehearsing Christmas carols: "Yes, mum; 'Ark, the 'erald angels sing!'"

Light

An enthusiastic admirer came rushing up to Arnold Bennett, the English author, at a reception in Chicago recently. "O Mr. Bennett," she cried, "I am so delighted to meet you! You have been a wonderful help to me!"

"Indeed? In what way, might I ask?"

"Oh that last book of yours! It has taught me to concentrate."
"To concentrate? Well, well, that's nice! Now tell me, what are you concentrating on?"

"Oh, on lots and lots of things!"

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The Customer and His Bank

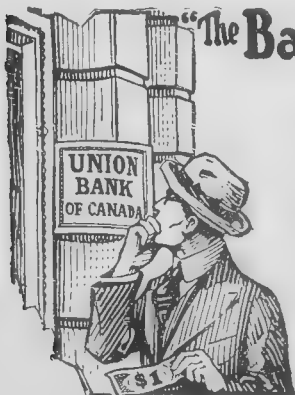
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A Factor in Freight Rates

WAGES are the big factor in freight rates. Not the rate of wages nor the earnings of any particular class of employees, but the actual work which the railways get in exchange for the wages they pay. In 1921 the C.N.R. paid 65 cents for wages out of every dollar of revenue earned and the C.P.R. paid 54 cents out of every dollar. In addition a considerable portion of the other expenses of the railway companies goes to wages. Purchases of coal, equipment, etc., really mean the provision of a big percentage of the cost of such purchases for wages in the industries affected.

The railroad employee should receive a fair wage, if he does not, we all suffer, for incompetency is the sure result of underpaid labor. Incompetency means higher cost of operation and less service. We do not want that, but we do want the railroad man to earn the pay he gets.

South of the line they have a freight rate problem on their hands much the same as our own and mainly due to the same causes. A prominent railroad official recently described one of these causes as follows: "An engineer reports that his headlight is not working properly. A hostler and his helper would coal, sand and water the engine and run her to the cinder dump. The pitman knocks out the fire and cleans the ash pan. The hostler takes the engine to the roundhouse. The engine inspector examines the mechanism. The boiler inspector inspects the boiler, etc. The flue man cleans the fire box, flues and grates, a pipe fitter and his helper disconnect the pipes and then the electrician and his helper disconnect the wiring. Then a machinist and his helper disconnect the headlight and then the electrician fixes it. To get the headlight on again the reverse process is necessary. Before the National Agreements were in force all this work was done by one handy man and a helper and usually they didn't put in more hours than each of the six men now put in. This specialization of railroad work calls for a little procession of men to do almost any roundhouse or shop job which one or two men used to do." How long would this kind of business last on a farm or rather how long would the farmer last if he had to pay for this kind of labor?

Investigating The Bank Act

THE former government of Alberta is to be congratulated on having taken a really practical step in connection with the Canadian Bank Act. There is a fairly large body of public opinion in the rural parts of Canada which believes that the Bank Act should be reversed so as to meet the needs of agriculture to a greater extent. For years opponents and critics of our banking systems have orated and declaimed and debated, but the Alberta Government has decided to get the facts and place them where they will do the most good, namely, before the parliamentary committee which will deal with the revision of the Bank Act next year. The Alberta Government has appointed Dr. D. A. MacGibbon, professor of economics in the University of Alberta to investigate the Bank Act and bring in a report which can be used as the basis of a case to be submitted at Ottawa to justify necessary changes in the Act.

Why Buy Bonds?

SINCE the first Victory Bond was sold in Western Canada a very great development has taken place. The Victory Bond campaigns placed before the people of the West, the merits of a first class bond as an investment. They broke the ice for the bond dealers who were desirous of developing an investment market in the Prairie Provinces. During the past seven years, banking institutions and bond dealers, newspapers and journals, public men and private citizens have been carrying on an educational campaign which is gradually producing results.

It is an accepted fact that the wise investor is the individual who spreads his

investments over a wide area. Proper geographical distribution of investments is one of the fundamental rules of good financing. Witness the come-back that Great Britain is staging to the surprise of some nations. Great Britain is coming back mainly because she is receiving tribute in the way of income from investments in all parts of the world. Conditions may be bad in one country and good in another. Great Britain has interests in them all and is therefore not seriously affected by depression in any one country. So it should be with the investor. If he is a farmer or merchant in Western Canada he should be interested in a certain amount of investment elsewhere.

There are a number of reasons why the people of the West have not been bond buyers. Many thousands of dollars have been taken from inexperienced investors by peddlers of worthless shares. As a people we are in the elementary stages of investment education. Hundreds do not know the difference between a bond and a share. We are learning and like all learners have had to pay for our experience. But it is not so easy to sell worthless share certificates in the West now. For one thing we are a little short of money and those who have money to invest go to a reputable bond dealer for advice before buying.

Why are bonds preferable to shares? The main reason is that when you buy shares you usually speculate, but when you buy bonds you invest. If you buy a share in a company, you become a part owner in that company. If it makes profit, you are entitled to your share, if it loses money and eventually goes bankrupt, you will contribute your share of the loss. Generally speaking it is a speculation, you may make big profits or you may lose all you put into the company. If you want to sell your share you must find somebody willing to relieve you of your speculation. With a bond it is very different. When you buy a bond you become a creditor of the concern issuing the bond. The bond states right on its face that the concern owes you a certain amount of money—the face value of the bond. It also states that on certain dates the interest will be paid. Put in plain language this means that a bond holder will get his investment back on a certain date, but a shareholder may never get his money back. It means that a bondholder will receive his interest regularly, but the shareholder may not get dividends for years. The bondholder is always in a better position than a shareholder.

Don't Rely on Insurance to Remedy Negligence

INSURANCE is a necessity for everyone, particularly for the property owner. A man insures his store against fire and if times are hard he may not be terribly heartbroken if the store burns down. You insure your automobile against theft, you immediately cease to worry whether it is stolen or not. You may be inclined to give a thief every opportunity to steal it. Perhaps you insure your car against collision—and forget to leave the tail light on, thus inviting collision. It is unwise to rely on insurance to remedy negligence for a number of reasons. Insurance is intended to compensate you for an unexpected loss, one over which you have no control. If you set your house on fire you will likely get a jail sentence and no insurance. If you break the law relating to automobiles and your car is damaged as a result, you may have no legal claim against the company which insures your car. You are a party to the insurance contract and your duty is to take such precautions to protect the property insured as a careful man would take. If you live up to your part of the contract you can require the insurance company to do likewise, but if you contribute by your negligence to the loss or damage to the property then the insurance company may have good grounds to refuse payment of the insurance.

DUCK LAKE

Continued from page 16

"Good-bye Henri. I'll not forget when you are on trial for your life," he called after me.

That morning I got some information which made me gallop hotly to Batoche, and clattering across the frozen Saskatchewan in the early hours of the morning soon had Riel and Dumont out, and in a short time our men were travelling towards Duck Lake. It was cold, but to me, a man of the white North, it was only exciting to ride along the lines of the Braves, and hear the crunch, crunch, of the cold dry snow under the horses' hoofs. It all comes back to me as I sit beside the fire here in Winnipeg, forgetting the hustle-bustle of the busy streets. Ah! I am shoved to one side now, a poor old Half-breed, but my friends, then I was Henri Chatelaine, the scout whom the Hudson's Bay Company honored with their trade; my Father and my Grandfather—but enough. I am here and you can see me and imagine what I was. The fire sends its sparks out, and the flames throw a glow, and those brave days with Riel and Dumont on the War Path all come back to me as I gaze into it. The old Buffalo hunter was a leader of men. Uneducated, yes—in what we now call education, but you men who I tell these tales to—Pouf! as Gabriel would say. The education now is for, I will not say women, for I have seen woman's work in the days of the stress of the bad war; but for the men whom you would call them, petticoated men. Yes, we have what you call them—conventions? Talk, talk. Like old Henri Chatelaine. Let it pass my friends. My School-master was on the wide prairies, and what kind of a man am I? I did my duty, always. I was no shirker and I did what I thought was right but—now I have gone from my story. Old Gabriel Dumont on the War Path was a leader, and after leaving Duck Lake the men would have taken their ease and plundered, but no. Dumont said "Get on. Get on! We will do nothing by stopping here," and Riel came up "ON! ON!" he cried, holding up the Cross before us. "On to Victory!" Coming into a scrub country Gabriel Dumont put his men in ambush along the ridge.

"Huh! Huh! Here they come."

In the distance a party of about seventeen or eighteen mounted men were seen coming over the trail with sleighs. At the gallop over the snow, came their scouts. "Ride out, Henri, and get information," said Dumont, calm in the face of danger. I rode towards them, but they evidently had seen our force and galloped back towards the sleighs that had stopped.

I rode close and Dumont's men disobeying his orders came into the open. I could hear his awful oaths, but they, only obeying their undisciplined wills took no heed of his commands. I rode close to the convoy. McKay, whom I knew well, and who was leading the party, called to me; "Henri Chatelaine, what are those armed men doing?"

Before I could answer, our excited fellows had closed in on them and were endeavouring to take the teams from their drivers.

Dumont was very excited and repeatedly asked McKay to come with him.

Dumont retire or he would not be responsible for the consequences. Dumont realizing that the men by disobeying his orders had given the advantage to McKay, which McKay refused to do, and bade discharged his rifle as a signal to the main body in the rear to retire.

McKay's party returned, sending scouts back, and I was not surprised to see a body of Mounted Police come out of Carleton. I galloped back with the news to Dumont, and he took up a strong position, posting his men as before; telling them that if they moved without orders from him, or through me, he would leave them. Gabriel then sent me to the right to lead a flank movement towards some log houses bordering the trail.

Major Crozier's command came on steadily and their scouts seemed to keep them informed. But, my friends, Gabriel Dumont was a leader of men.—Did not General Middleton say so? And he had in me a lieutenant, but, I will not boast. It is a miserable affair I am to tell you of.

Dumont sent out a man with a white flag. They say it was treachery. I know not, as my duty was defined, and I took no notice. My men were working around on the right flank amongst the ridges and we got to the log huts, completely outflanking the Mounted Police's position. Major Crozier realized it and immediately began a counter movement, threatening our left, which almost turned the tide, outnumbered although he was. We had just got into position when shots were fired, and in a few moments the firing was general. Louis Riel came galloping through the scrub, holding the Holy Crucifix over his head, hysterically urging us to fight.

Boom! A cannon ball came over us. Hal! That was the first time we had a big gun fired at us, and the seven-pounders reports made our horses frantic.

I saw the men posted along the ridge in a position that could not be turned, and galloped back to Gabriel Dumont. He had been wounded in the head and was sitting on the snow, with the blood streaming down face. He grinned at me,—"Henri, you are always good for a laugh," he cried.

"Yes, yes, but the Police are on our left," cried I in dismay, as I saw that our men were being forced back by the movement on our left flank.

"Edouard," cried Dumont, and his brother came up; "Edouard, Henri Chatelaine will lead the men on the left. At it, Henri, with the old cry."

I galloped Cerise who was mad with excitement, through the hail of bullets, and giving the "Coyote" cry of the old Buffalo hunters, rallied the men. The cry came from all parts of the scrub and the Mounted Police seemed to be confused, and in a short time retired in good order towards Fort Carleton.

Dumont, wounded as he was, gave orders for a pursuit but Riel interposed. "Enough blood has been shed," cried he.

"Henri," cried Dumont, his face a lather of blood, "What say you?"

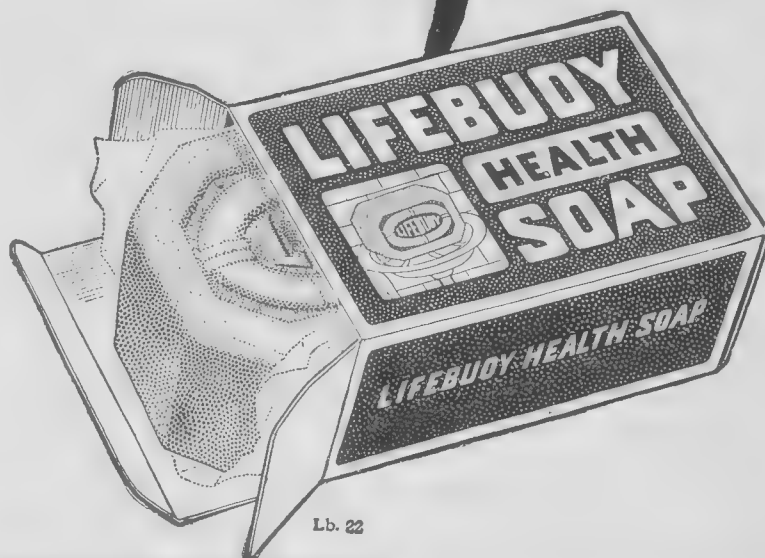
"They have retired in good order covered by the cannon, and nothing can be gained by pursuing them," said I.

"Well, well, come with me," he growled, and we rode towards Duck Lake, leaving the battle field with its red patches and cold snow to the good Priests of Holy Church.

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Lb. 22

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Music in the Home

BOOSTING THE BRITISH COMPOSERS

THE desire to imitate is one of the primitive instincts of man. All people imitate to some extent, for if it were not so Dame Fashion would have to change her trade and "Tom, Dick and Harry" would never have been able to perpetuate their fame as a trio. There is nothing so catching as a tune, but it does not speak highly for their intelligence that singers as a class know so few, comparatively, of the songs that are published in this country. The "best sellers" are numbered by tens, and the potentially good songs, practically waiting in line in their pasteboard coffins on the shelves of the music stores, are numbered by thousands. There are many excellent songs in these coffins by composers whose names are almost household words, and many more, of equal excellence, by names unknown.

Is it not the duty of all who profess to be musically intelligent to welcome the newcomer among composers or at least to give him a fighting chance? Particularly is this true of British composers who set to music the poetry of the English-speaking nations. It is truly a sorry sight to see a mixed audience mainly composed of English-speaking people trying to look interested during a programme of songs in foreign tongues of which, even supposing they were intelligibly sung, they could hardly understand one word.

WHAT MUSIC MEANS TO ME (By An Unmusical Man)

WHAT does music mean to you? I suppose there are numbers of people like myself who simply cannot exist without music. Not that we are musical. Far from it. We know nothing of the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. We cannot play, and to hear us singing in our baths would cause acute agony to well-trained ears. And yet there are times when we must have music.

If you are one of the company you will know what I mean—that sudden craving for sound which must be satisfied.

What is this wonderful appeal of music? We who are unmusical, who are ignorant of form and technic, derive perhaps a subtler pleasure, a keener sensation, than the learned ones. We do not criticize. We feel. Music interprets us. It is us. The best of our hearts, those vague, uncertain, tremulous emotions that never find vent, all our unsatisfied longings, aspirations and regrets, the best in us, the worst in us—music expresses all that.

Music brings strange memories with it of the dreams that haunt the soul. It can lull one into depths of peace. It can exalt and inspire and carry the mind into realms unimagined. There are creatures that live in sound. Every lovely fancy, every moment of delight, every thought and thrill of pleasure which music calls forth does not die.

ORCHESTRA LEADER CONSIDERS RECORD MAKING INSTRUCTIVE He Finds That Recording for the Phonograph Makes Him Twice as Critical

IT is one thing to conduct an orchestra in one of America's most prominent opera-houses and still another to be musical conductor of the orchestra of a phonograph company. Each is a gigantic task in itself and years of musical preparation and experience are necessary to bring success to either position.

Caesare Sodero, formerly conductor of the Manhattan Opera House in New York and now musical director of a well-known firm, makers of phonographs and records, considers that his work in the latter capacity has been of great benefit to him in perfecting his art.

While records are being made the conductor of the orchestra sits on a stool, higher than those of the other musicians, who are grouped at various heights according to the volume and vibrations of their various instruments in their relations to the recording horn.

And the director is the all-important personage on whom all eyes rest. It is he who gives the signal at the conclusion of a record when conversation may safely be resumed after the electric light announces that the little space at the end of the record has been passed and the record is really ended. Picture the consequences of speaking too soon and having, "That sounded pretty good, didn't

it?" recorded on the end of a perfect master record, rendering null and void all the effort that had been spent on it.

"The recording has made me twice as critical," said Mr. Sodero, speaking of his experience with the phonograph. "I have been conductor for many years, and still direct public performances, but my work here is a very different thing. In the opera house when a bar is played it may be at once forgotten—here it lives forever. I have been here for seven years now, and I have learned something new every day."

ADVOCATES A PIANO, PLAYER AND PHONOGRAPH FOR EVERY SCHOOL

CHICAGO, not long ago, held a "Pageant of Progress" and, in the course of the programme, a Minneapolis educator, Mr. A. F. Benson, gave an address on "Better Music in Our Schools." Mr. Benson said some things the music lovers of Canada should note. "The true asset of this or any other city consists in the boys and girls under the age of twenty," he declared. "Assets misdirected always leads liabilities." When we are speaking of assets and liabilities, let us not forget that no asset can compare with that of a noble character, while no liability is as great a drag on the city, state or nation as the liability of unfaithfulness to self, or to a duty intrusted to our care.

"Pure intellectual training is not sufficient. The cold frigidity of the intellect must be tempered by the fires of a pure, warm, pulsating heart."

Continuing, Mr. Benson said: "There should be a piano, a player piano, and a talking machine in every school in this land from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf."

"Pupils must not only learn to read and to execute good music, but they must know how to listen to it. They must be brought under the spell of its power. We must train good consumers of music. Then, perhaps, we will have better producers: Music is the hygiene of the emotions; music is the hygiene of the schools; music is the hygiene of industry. Why? Because it is a greater factor in stabilizing emotion and intellect and in humanizing the cold, scientific intellectuality."

"No one force has greater power to-day in determining the character of our citizens than has music, and let us remember that character of to-day means the national destiny of to-morrow. In making this statement I have clearly in mind the great, soul-inspiring Christian music of our churches—more potent in its power than all the sermons so eloquently preached from the sacred desk. Music is power. Where intellect fails to convince, music will carry its message of conviction."

"Our public schools and other educational agencies are fully aware of the power of music and of the service it renders in character growth. I know full well that music has a purely intellectual aspect, but with that I am not concerned at the present time. I am awfully concerned when I realize that man's emotional nature is stirred through the power of music more than by the influence of any other agency."

"Every child, from the time he enters the kindergarten until he leaves the college or the university, should be under the spell of the best in music and the purest in literature. Indeed, when he graduates from the college or the university he should step into a commercial and industrial world permeated with music. This is no dream—it is a statement of a business principle. A worker must not alone have physical sustenance, but he must have the right kind of emotional sustenance. This means character and character actualizes itself in the work produced. It has a commercial value. Industry to-day must be, and I know is, concerned with the making of men as well as the making and marketing of goods."

"One important goal that ought to be in the mind of every individual who is interested in the character of our citizens of to-morrow is the bringing of music very definitely into the lives of the boys and girls in our public schools—not city alone, but rural."

If you cannot trust yourself, no one in the world can afford to trust you. If you have not confidence in your cause, it is lost; if you disparage your work, another had better do it.



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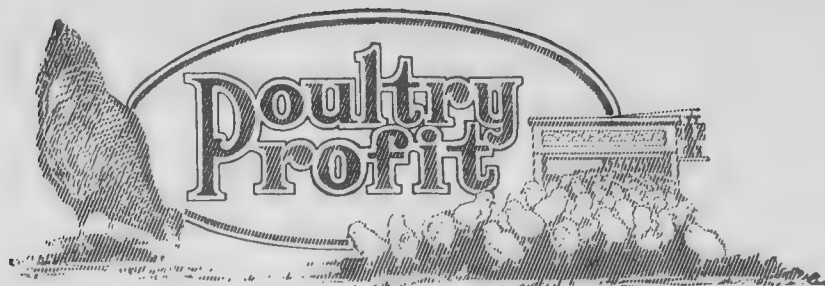
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HELEN E. VIALOUX

SEASONABLE HINTS

As the Canadian Livestock Improvement train went through Manitoba in May giving demonstrations and lectures on timely topics and showing movies of livestock, poultry raising, cooking and household arts, the farmers and their wives received a great deal of useful knowledge in a wonderfully short time, but as Mr. A. C. McCulloch of The Dominion Poultry Department reports, the demonstrators themselves often got a surprise and useful information at first hand. The farmers in Coulter and Waskada, Man., have gone into turkey raising in earnest, finding turkeys a most profitable sideline, and this spring are increasing their flocks, so some farmers were producing up to 500 turkey eggs. Blackhead, that much dreaded malady, is little known in the west, and raising turkeys is becoming quite an important industry, making the half-section farm a greater success than when grain crops were the farmer's only objective. Mr. McCulloch is very hopeful of establishing at these points, next fall, a co-operative car lot shipment of live poultry, which will go directly to the Eastern market. This seems to be an excellent season for the rearing of young poultry. Reports to hand tell of good hatches, 45 turkeys from 50 eggs, and so on. A few general rules should be followed in making turkey raising a success. First get your gun or trap at work and shoot or destroy all prowling skunks and coyotes in the district, not forgetting the rat family, that sometimes do a lot of mischief. A fox terrier is useful as a ratter, and will also do away with stray cats. Turkeys must have a good range to flourish properly, hence the necessity for making the turkey runs safe. Only unrelated stock can be bred with success, and hens in particular, should be over one year of age; two and three year old turkey hens make the best mothers, and produce strong healthy poults.

The autumn is an excellent time to buy fresh stock to be used as breeders for another season. This is true of turkeys as well as chickens. Very often a reliable breeder will part with a trio of fowls, or a breeding pen at a very reasonable figure to make room for growing stock.

In purchasing stock be careful to select only the most healthy birds, full of vigor. Tuberculosis is much too common, and must be guarded against. One or two infected birds, will spread the disease throughout the flock.

Now is the time, during the heated term to keep a vigilant eye out, for the festive "Red Mite," and other forms of chicken vermin. Strict cleanliness is the best safeguard aided by coal oil, gasoline, whitewash and Izal, or other coaltar preparations. Lard or tallow melted and mixed with coal oil I find an excellent remedy for "Red Mites" in nest boxes or hen-houses. Paint over all the surfaces with a small brush after the premises are cleaned. A couple of applications will kill the whole "Mite" family, as the oil smothers them, and prevents their eggs hatching. Blue ointment will rid the hens of vermin, using a tiny piece like a pea to be rubbed under each wing and around the tail. This is, of course, a deadly poison, and must be used carefully; do not put it on young chicks. A little carbolized vaseline or lard rubbed on a chick's head will usually rid it of lice. Turkeys and chicks may be safely powdered with a good lice powder. If the mother hens, and brooders are kept clean and free from vermin there is not much trouble with the chicks. However,

whenever a poult or chick droops its wings, looks pale about the head and seems generally miserable, look out for vermin. Either head or body lice will no doubt be found on the bird.

There is no question as to the value of egg laying contests, and Canadians should be encouraged in the reports showing an increase in egg production each year. At Ottawa the half yearly returns show that the breeding pen this year has laid 359 more eggs than the breeding pen in 1921 and the best layer this season has 25 more eggs to her credit than the best hen in the first contest for egg laying three years ago at Ottawa. The leading hen up to date, in the contest is a Barred Rock, No. 152. She leads by 11 eggs, having 160 eggs to her credit at the end of 6 months. No. 153 from the same pen is second with 149 eggs. The leading pen to date, is one of White Leghorns and close behind them comes the Barred Rock pens to which these two hens belong.

Canadian hens, are also holding their own at Storrs, Conn., U. S. A., International egg laying contest, where official figures showed a pen of Barred Rocks belonging to the Agricultural College at Guelph, Ontario, tied with a pen of White Rocks from New Jersey with a production of 5.8 eggs for the week. Hen No. 21 laid 57 eggs in 57 consecutive days. This Barred Rock from the O. A. C. has beaten the record for individual laying, in the eleventh egg laying contest at Storrs, Conn., though this record is not the highest known there in other years.

Mr. Jull, head of The MacDonald College, poultry section, claims that there is no sounder business than the various branches of poultry raising, but eternal vigilance is the price of success. The egg laying contests, conducted now at several points in Canada for three years, and in the States for 11 years have demonstrated that the egg production of the average farm flock can be increased about 5 dozen eggs per bird in one year. What is needed is a bred-to-lay share of any good standard breed. Early maturity, and early laying are two factors for success. Another important factor is persistent laying in the flock. The pullets that commence early and lay persistently throughout the year are the money makers in the flock and should be selected for next year's breeders. Then the male should be secured from a heavy laying female always selecting birds of outstanding vigor and health.

A man in B. C. is making a good living with 3 acres of Barred Rocks having a fine bred-to-lay strain which he has built-up by care and selection.

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A word in closing on hopper feeding. On the big "Dileliere Egg Farm" in Stratford, Ont., experts find the pullets make a better growth if they are fed a regular night and morning feed of grain at a regular time. The hoppers are used also, but hopper feeding is not entirely depended upon. Butter milk is used at all times on this big farm of White Leghorns where thousands of chicks are hatched and reared each season with great success.

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WHEN HERALDRY HELD SWAY

By Ethel Kirk Grayson

IN the days of good Queen Bess, in the twenty-second year of her reign, it befell that I, Geoffrey Rhysworth, an only son of that renowned scholar and gallant gentleman, Arthur Rhysworth, found myself suddenly bereft of my dear father, and practically the sole creature in all the world to whom my afflicted mother and sisters could look for aid and comfort. How well I remember the afternoon we gathered in the gloomy oak parlour, and endeavoured, in a vague and halting manner, to formulate some plan for our future. My mother, in her decent black gown and high white ruff, was a veritable picture of woe. "Only to have some influence at court," she sighed; "but alas! my poor husband was ever too much absorbed with his quill pen and his battered Latin authors to seek any favours for himself. It's a sad predicament for 'us, children, for the manor house is in a more decadent condition than any other one in the country, and our fields more unproductive, and our cottagers more wretched."

"Perhaps Uncle Peregrine would be willing to help us," suggested my elder sister wearily. She was a handsome stately girl, weighed down with dejection over our semi-poverty, and the frustration of her once brilliant ambitions.

"Why, on my life, Griselda, you know the thing's impossible," cried the younger and merrier Beatrix, she who was wont to prove herself so bright a ray of sunshine in our disconsolate household, "the man has n'er been known to entertain a thought beyond the hare and hounds. Marry, and wouldn't he be a pretty fellow to go begging for Her Majesty's kindness and his soul never rising above a glass of mulled ale and a roasted capon the while! Pie on you, child! We should become the laugh of the countryside."

"I ask for no man's friendly offices," I then exclaimed, somewhat nettled, "and I crave no reward or luxury which I have not first been able to earn by open fighting. With your leave, good mother, I shall away by myself to think matters over. It would be strange, indeed, if a lad of full seventeen years had not even a grain of common sense."

"Now, that is the way I would fain have heard you talking from the start," said Beatrix, clapping her hands with delight; "when we meet again I fancy you will have pleasant news for us brother Geoffrey."

"Aye, but you need have no occasion for alarm if I chance to absent myself during a number of days. Let a good chance come my way an' I would be foolish not to pursue it."

"Spoken like a courtier," cried Beatrix again, though Griselda muttered impatiently, and my mother was prone to become anxious and wished that she had not spoken so openly of our ill fortune. Heedless of what any of these gentlewomen might be thinking, however, I made my way out of the house, and through the neglected garden into a dense copse, and from thence to the unkempt cornfields, and then I followed a road that skirted the cliffs, winding among precipitous, lonely places.

It was June, with scurrying white clouds in the sky, a salt-laden breeze, periwinkles between the tide marks, and yellow poppies blowing in the sand. Ordinarily, I would have been tempted to seek bird's eggs, or gather a few shellfish for my mother (she likes them rarely, well seasoned with pepper and salt, and a dash of butter and onion), but I bethought me in time of grave things. It was my duty to play a man's part now, and leave these trifling pleasures to youths who were as yet free from responsibility. Pondering very deeply upon these matters I strayed far from the cliff road, and finally I turned from it altogether to wander among the caves. It was past sunset when I reflected that my day's excursion had proven but of scant value to those whom it was meant to concern, and with a bitter sense of failure I began to consider a return to the manor. Then, peering between the crevices, I was surprised to detect a curl of bluish smoke, rising, as it seemed, from an infinite depth. Agile and venturesome to a degree (I had inherited but little of my poor father's scholarship,

I fear), I scrambled feverishly down the jutting crags, even discovering, to my still greater astonishment, a series of rudely carved steps. Then I came upon a broad, flat shelf of rock, and when I had traversed it through intricate passages the real object of my search confronted me—a low, brown hovel, thrust, like the ragged nest of some gaunt sea-bird, into a great hollow in the face of the cliff, well beyond the reach of the highest tide.

While I gazed in wonderment there came a wrinkled hag to look upon me with distrustful eyes. "God save ye, young master," she said in a voice that reeked of ill, despite its whining suavity; "'tis but a poor path you tread upon, an' ower narrow for a stripling."

"My footing is strong, good dame, and t'would take more than the calm waters down there to render me dizzy. May it please you to give me a bite of supper?"

Her yellow teeth showed in a leering smile. "In faith, young sir, you little know the danger o' this place, I would be boldened to say, and if you take an' old un's advice you'll not linger now that the dark is falling. Get you gone the way that you came, and the sooner the better."

I felt resentful at being dismissed in this churlish manner. Moreover, in that same instant the figure of a young girl appeared, a comely wench, with snapping black eyes, and the pink of an almond flower in her cheeks.

"By your leave, dame, I shall abide here. Think you I carry a light purse?" I jingled my two gold pieces one against the other, like a dashing highway robber.

Her face seemed to suddenly radiate cunning. "An' you will," she returned in a whisper, "though it were as good as death for both of us did they find ye. As the young master has a pretty face and a nimble tongue and a heavy money bag, Peg, perhaps it were as well ye fried him a rasher o' bacon. Marry, I'll have the proper payment first, sir."

I dropped one of the coins into her greedy palm and it appeared to satisfy her. For the larger part of an hour it was then my pleasure to observe the girl who prepared the food so hurriedly, and when the sizzling rasher was at length before me I fell to it with a will. I was washing down my second mug of sourish beer, with all the bravado I was able to assume, when the old woman snatched

it from me and pointed with shaking finger to a tiny door in the wall.

"In there, in there, good master! For the love o' the saints, get thee thence quickly and forbear to ask idle questions. There's been blood spilt on this floor afore now, let me tell ye, or a body tossed from the rocks for the tides to mangle."

In the words of that wise fellow, Will Shakespeare, concerning whose merit I had many a time and oft heard my poor father discourse upon, I now "stood not upon the order of my going," but despatched myself with more speed than ceremony, and more dexterity than grace into the noisome black cupboard that the old creature had indicated. It was but a burrow in the rock, and its walls so thickly encrusted with damp salt that I could not forbear to shiver. Scarcely had I pulled the door to after me, however, than sundry men came into the cave, cursing lustily, and demanding food and drink. Peering through a narrow crack in the cupboard, I was askance at sight of their ill-favoured visages, and their beetling brows.

"Hasten with the trenchers, woman," cried one of them in a rough tone, "we've had but scant rest this day, battling with the wind and waves. Heigh-ho! Everything is at last in readiness," and with the words he flung wide a door opposite the cupboard in which I lay concealed, and I caught my breath and stiffened my limbs to behold many swords piled together, the torchlight kindling them to wanton azure fires. "A ticklish bit of smuggling," he resumed proudly, "and you shall pay well for the labour in precious gold doubloons, Don Francisco."

"You need have no fear on that score, Tim Elderbush," said a haughty, slightly insolent voice, "you serve a grandee of Spain, and your meanest effort shall receive ample reward." And then for the first time, my eyes fell upon a man of tall and slender figure, wearing a black cloak with turkis clasps, and toying with a cruel looking poinard.

"'Tis a brave kettle of fish that we have cooked for the old queen, Peg," cried one of the younger men boisterously. "To-morrow she goes with a huge cavalcade to make merry at my word of Harborough's place, and at midnight we shall storm the castle and carry her off. 'Twill be an easy piece of business, for her retainers should be sodden with drink at

that hour. There's many a gallant wight to help us, stowed soundly away in the ship that now lies hidden among the rocks o' the cove. There'll be a fine sprinkling of oaths when they come shambling up these cliffs for the swords, 'gainst twilight to-morrow, and you'll be wise to have naught to say to them, despite their good looks and their scarlet sashes, and the hoops of silver in their ears."

So saying, the swarthy ruffian did tilt back her head and kiss her squarely upon the mouth, though the maiden shook him off distastefully, and murmured words that were not complimentary to the power of Spain.

"A truce to your discontent, mistress!" cried the man threateningly, and would have struck her, I verily believe, had not the whining old woman tempted him with a warm platter of food at the same moment. I could see that the crone was shaking as with palsy, and I knew she feared for what I might have overheard, yet dared not warn the traitorous knaves to speak with lower voices.

Truly, I was burning with desire to be up and away, but they were long over the trenchers, so I could but remain in my cramped position and bide my time. Don Francisco departed early, declaring, with a flash of his white teeth, that a goodly horse awaited him at the nearest inn-yard, and that he must ride with all speed to greet Her Majesty at Harborough Castle. I gathered, indeed, that he himself was to lower the drawbridge and admit the dastardly cutthroats on the following night. Moreover, just as he was about to leave the cave his cloak caught upon a sharp projection, and when he pulled it impatiently away one of the turkis clasps was jerked off, and rolled under the floor of my hiding-place. He was, happily, unable to locate the trinket, and I picked it up and thrust it within my doublet. When he had left the cave the other men sprawled upon the floor, drinking and carousing and dicing, until they were one and all asleep.

Then I tip-toed from my hiding-place, obedient to a sign from the evil-faced woman. She would have stabbed me gladly, I know, had not the action meant sure discovery and dire retribution upon her head. The young girl was sitting motionless before a fire of smouldering peats; her face wore an exquisite transparency; her eyes were sombre with dreams. She did not even look up as I stole away, and in my heart I pitied her wretched condition. There was a greenish moon in the sky, curved like a smuggler's knife, and the waves were foaming savagely upon the rocks.

Alas! I had undertaken a sorry journey. Long 'ere the sun was high, my feet were blistered and weary, my clothes torn with briars, my disposition sadly altered. I had more than one rushing stream to ford, and a ghoulis stretch of woodland to traverse. Being more or less of a want-wit, I had no better sense than to interfere with two frowsy old women who were berating one another over a basket of spilled eggs. Marry, I was the sadder and wiser when I emerged from the fray well plastered with the yellow yolks, and the recipient of a most unpleasant thrust between the ribs.

At noontide, I humbly entreated dinner from a disreputable tinker and his wife. I had first of all to show him the color of my solitary gold piece, and once he had that in his possession the wife wasted so many moments in the preparation of the vegetable stew that I was reluctantly compelled to go on my way without any nourishment whatever. I could hear the unmannerly jade laughing as I departed, and I ground my teeth from sheer vexation.

The sun was westerling when I came up at last with the mighty retinue of our great queen. Never shall I forget that gorgeous pageant winding amid the natural avenues of elm and oak, like an iridescent dragon. Ah! those days had a sweeping, splendid gesture, my masters! I close my eyes and I see again the great white horses with their trappings of green and gold, and green plumes tossing from the

Continued on page 43



A beauty spot in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg



To the Women of Manitoba

Many thousands of the good housewives of this Province are already familiar with Magic Baking Powder and its good qualities. They know from practical experience and tests that it is the best and purest as well as the most economical. We wish to tell you more about it and the various purposes for which it can be used to the consumer's advantage.

This page announcement is an invitation to be present at your grocer's on a date of which you will be notified a little later on in the columns of your local newspaper. You will not only hear many things of value to you with regard to Magic Baking Powder and witness demonstrations that will reduce your baking troubles to a minimum, but you will get many other household hints that will happily and quickly solve many housekeeping problems. We extend you a cordial welcome to any of these demonstrations and we venture to think that you cannot spend an hour to better advantage.

Our Educational Department has arranged for a party of some fifteen highly trained graduates of domestic science institutions to give demonstrations in most of the retail stores throughout the Province. These ladies are not only scientific experts but practical bakers, equally at home with the practical and the theoretical end. They will tell you many things that will interest you, the knowledge of which will always prove helpful to you, simplify your duties and increase the health-giving qualities of every article baked in your home. Ask the demonstrator in your town all the questions you wish. You do not need to confine them to the uses of Magic Baking Powder, for you will get cheerful advice on all housekeeping perplexities. The work of these ladies will be wholly educational, the main objective being to make the routine of housework a more simple and happier task.

This work has been undertaken after long and careful preparation as well as at considerable expense, and, in the full confidence that it will prove in the general good, we ask the interest of the women readers of The Western Home Monthly.

Your presence at the demonstration in your town will be much appreciated by us.

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TORONTO

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

The Franchise and Citizenship

THERE has been some discussion in the House at Ottawa of the whole question of the franchise. Many ideas have been put forth; among them ideas of restriction of the franchise, in one case for women, and in another case for both men and women. The whole discussion has been of value only in so far as it may have served to quicken the public mind into a more active realization of the necessity for education in citizenship. A lack of intelligent and vigilant interest in public affairs is greatest of all evils in a democracy, for it is the foundation on which all other evils can erect themselves. It is not easy to see how any test of intelligence can be applied, except by excluding idiots and imbeciles; and possibly those who cannot read or write. But a person may be able to read and write, and yet not competent to pass an intelligent judgment upon public problems. It is not practicable to devise tests of understanding of public affairs, or methods of measuring public spirit or breadth of view or citizenship or patriotism or devotion to high national ideals, or means of gauging a voter's capacity of pronouncing judgment upon the problems upon which he has to give a decision in marking his ballot. Failure to exercise the franchise may be due to any one of many causes, including neglect, prejudice, devotion to private business or pleasure, failure to realize the duties of citizenship, or ignorance. But would the withholding of the franchise be an effective remedy for such neglect, indifference or ignorance? Education in citizenship is the only remedy. There should be devised ways and means of securing more discussion of public affairs on their merits.

Putting Printer's Ink to Evil Use

THERE are in every land under the sun some narrow, stupid, ill-natured people, who think they are thinking, when in reality they are only letting their prejudices boil up. A newspaper in Chicago which is not a creditable product of that city recently printed a letter which it announced as having been written by somebody in Winnipeg who had read some of its habitually anti-British utterances, and sent it to them. That letter, as published in the Chicago newspaper in question, prophesied that "in fifty years we British will have swallowed up the United States," and went to say: "Poor, pitiable Americans! Yes, the British Empire is going to swallow you like a pill, for you will be fought by the most powerful Empire in the universe, and there will be no Lafayette. Now it is too late for you dirty Yankees to retract. If you only knew what we are doing!" If such a letter were really written by somebody in Winnipeg and mailed to that Chicago newspaper, the right thing to do with it was to throw it in the wastebasket. But The Philosopher believes that the letter was written in the office of that Chicago newspaper. That is not the way to improve international relationships, which are human relationships. That is not the way to promote world peace. The printing of such stuff is nothing short of a crime against human welfare and progress. A man who throws a bomb has at least some degree of half-witted courage. But it takes no courage to put printer's ink to the evil, hateful use to which that Chicago newspaper puts it.

Weather and Wisdom

A FRIEND of The Philosopher's is, like Iago "nothing if not critical." He recently found something to criticize in Lloyd George's speech in which he said, with reference to the Genoa Conference, that "you need all kinds of weather to make a good harvest." The critic found fault with the statement. "Most certainly you don't need every kind of weather to make a good harvest," he said. "It is easy to see that Lloyd George was never a farmer. There are several kinds of weather, all well known to every farmer, which are a hindrance to a good harvest." But surely the critic took Lloyd George's words too literally. What Lloyd George meant plainly was that the farmer must take the weather as it comes. The same meaning is conveyed by the text which says that "He who considers the clouds shall not sow, and he who regards the wind shall not reap." The same wisdom is embodied in another sentence uttered in that same speech by Lloyd George; "There is no goal worth reaching which is as near as it seems to the hopeful, or as remote as it seems to the timid." There is wisdom in this which is applicable in public affairs and in the ordering of our individual lives.

The Home Makers

SOME day there will be a fitting tribute paid to the wives and mothers who did the most important work of all in the development of the West, women of loyalty, courage and endurance, who faced the dangers and hardships of the pioneer days, true and devoted home makers. And there are wives and mothers in the West today who are living lives as heroic as those which the wives and mothers of half a century ago lived, or the wives and mothers of the first Selkirk settlers. There are not a few parts of the West where the conditions today are pioneer conditions. The women who are the home makers today in such conditions are doing the work which is most fundamentally important both for the present and for the future, and are deserving not merely of being spoken of, or written of, as being heroic, but are deserving of being kept constantly in mind by all who have to do with the shaping of public policies, so that everything possible shall be done for the betterment of the conditions in which such homes have to be carried on.

The Philosopher

A Superabundance of Prophesying

HUMANITY has never before known an era of such profound unsettlement and reconstruction as that through which we are now progressing. In such times there has always been a superabundance of prophesying. There is no lack of prophesying now. The worst thing to be charged against false prophets is, of course, that their false prophesying blind people to real changes of vital importance that are in progress. Loudly confident predictions calculated to fill the souls of the simple-minded with shuddering apprehension are from every point of view deplorable, and most so because they hinder, instead of helping, knowledge of real dangers to the world and humanity that can be averted if recognized and rightly dealt with in time. Now more than ever before there is need of clear-sighted vision of actualities. Every nation, and every individual human being, has plain practical duties to attend to, without wasting thought over predictions about matters which are as much outside precaution or human control as is the possibility that an internal explosion may blow to pieces the planet on which we are living, or that a comet may come rushing along next week from a region incalculably distant in the infinity of space, waving a tail composed of poison gas for the destruction of us all. It would not be sane to give a moment's thought to such predictions. Individuals who devote themselves to the launching of extravagantly alarming proclamations about the future would be vastly better employed if they were to devote themselves, instead, to useful activities.

In Regard to Bootlegging

A DESPATCH in the newspapers from Toronto recently reported Lord Leverhulme, the multi-millionaire English soap manufacturer as having said, in the course of a speech he made in that city: "It was to be expected that the evil of an illicit liquor would be at its worst in this country and in the United States in the first few years after the passage of prohibitory laws. The difficulty of enforcing these laws is likely to diminish." That is the view of one of the ablest and most successful of business men, whom we may well regard as competent to size up conditions pretty accurately and pass a sound judgment on them. The bootlegger's disreputable occupation is to provide the means (often of dubious quality, to state it mildly) of satisfying an appetite created when intoxicants could be obtained easily, and when the open bar was an inducement to drink. He has to ply his trade surreptitiously, with danger to himself and with danger to those who buy from him the stuff he sells them; he is in danger of the law, and they are in danger of the law, too, and in danger from the stuff they get from him. The facilities and inducements which promoted the drinking of intoxicants in the pre-prohibition era are gone; and a generation is growing up which knows them not. Young people do not naturally crave for intoxicants. The craving is an artificial one. Many even of those who were accustomed to drink intoxicants find themselves better off without them, and have no desire for them—to say nothing of having no desire to incur the penalties of the law, no desire to pay the exorbitant prices demanded by the bootlegger, and no desire to run the risk of being poisoned. The ranks of those ready to have dealings with bootleggers are not being recruited; and so the evil is destined to grow less and less.

The League of Nations

HON. W. L. Mackenzie King, Premier and leader of the Liberal party in Parliament, Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, ex-Premier and leader of the Conservative party and Hon. T. A. Crerar, leader of the Progressives, have issued over their joint signatures a manifesto on behalf of the League of Nations Society in Canada, appealing for funds to enable the Society to carry on its work of publicity. "It is our belief," says this manifesto, "that the world's peace will not be assured until the conscience of humanity shall constrain governments and nations, under pain of outlawry, to bring their differences to the Council board, instead of the battlefield. Under present conditions, the League of Nations is the most effective and, indeed, the only available instrument for that purpose." The League of Nations can be made thoroughly effective only by being supported by an informed and intelligent opinion in every nation. If the ideals which gave birth to the League of Nations had been realized, Europe would be a more hopeful, prosperous and tranquil continent today. The greatest of all the forces in the world is the force of public opinion; it is the only force which can make the League of Nations the success it should be as an agency for peace in the world and good will among men.

Tree-planting on the Prairies

THERE has come to The Philosopher's table a bulletin written for the Dominion Forestry Department by Norman F. Ross, the head of the Tree-planting Division, whose headquarters are at Indian Head. The value of trees is manifold; they are necessary to the welfare of humanity. The need of them and their value are being realized more and more with every year that passes. Early efforts at tree-planting on the prairies were not successful, because the early settlers chose mainly such trees as they had been familiar with in Ontario; those early failures taught the lesson that trees native to the West were the best to plant in the West. Then experiments were made with trees obtained from lands on other continents where climatic conditions similar to those of Western Canada prevail. Those experiments were carried on under direction from the Dominion Experimental Farms at Brandon and at Indian Head. Many trees from foreign lands, as well as from Eastern Canada were found, which made themselves at home in Western Canada, including Russian poplars and willows, Scotch pine and others. The success of the caragana for hedges is well known; that was brought from Southern Russia. Twenty-one years ago a free distribution of tree seeds, seedlings and cuttings, under certain regulations, was begun by the Dominion Government. The demand increased rapidly, and up to the end of last year the total distribution of seedlings and cuttings in the West totalled 60,418,000. Of the tree plantations started in those twenty years, 70 per cent. are successful, and only barely 15 per cent. have been total failures. There have thus been grown on the prairies some 40,000 shelter belts, valued by the farmers who own them at from \$500 to \$5,000 each. The bulletin, however, places the conservative valuation of \$300 each on them, which makes their total value \$12,000,000, or \$11,800,000 more than the entire cost of the operation of the Tree-planting Division during all those years. This is highly satisfactory, and the good work should go forward on a vastly greater scale; for trees on the prairies have values and create values beyond the values that can be expressed in dollars.

About Some Wild Folk

OF ALL the classes into which books may be divided, there are few classes, indeed, which have as many interesting books in them as the class we may name the Books about Animals. Did Rudyard Kipling ever write anything better than his Jungle stories? There are many who think those stories his best work. Other writers in recent years, among them Canadian writers, have made notable additions to the list of first-class books about animals—that is to say, books which are the product of both love of animals and of actual first-hand knowledge of them and accurate, scientific observation. The latest book of this kind which "The Philosopher" has been reading is "Wild Folk," by Samuel Scoville. The chapters on raccoons, bears, chipmunks and ducks are particularly good; and the chapters on other wild folk are excellent, too. Mr. Scoville gives the fun and sentiment of wild life, but he shows, too, how ruthless Nature is; in his chapter on the chipmunks, for example, he makes it plain that only the exceptionally brave and astute chipmunks escape the death which threatens them from so many sides, and live to be elderly chipmunks and die a death that, though it may be sudden and violent, is at least not an untimely taking off. The book has an amusing chapter on skunks. One of the incidents related in it is a fight between two skunks for a partridge killed by one of them. A fight between two skunks, Mr. Scoville tells us, is always fought with teeth and claws only. The gas attack, which is the skunk's weapon against other enemies, is not used between skunks.

In Regard to Hair

IT IS not philosophical to regard baldness as a misfortune. Some men find the loss of their hair a cause of grief; they are sad to think their days of romantic beauty are no more. But romantic beauty, so far as it has to do with possessing hair, can be recaptured by a wig. No; the thing about baldness that makes it deplorable and a cause for grieving is that it lays the head bare as a promenade ground for flies, and makes a man more susceptible to draughts than those whose domes of thought are well thatched. No poet has ever written in praise of baldness. But many poets have written in praise of grey hair. We all know the lines in Burns' poem:

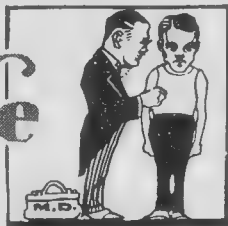
"But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Jo!"

Supposing John Anderson, instead of having a frosty grey poll, had a shining, bald head. Would it have been as easy for Burns to have brought it into his poem? Grey hair is dignified. But is it fair to say that baldness cannot be just as dignified as grey hair? Shakespeare wrote: "How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!" He has not written anything like that about baldness. But if grey hair brings respect, it brings also the obligation of living up to it. Think of the proverbs which enforce this, such as "There's no fool like an old fool." Shakespeare, again, provides us about those to whom grey hair has not brought wisdom:

"Those grizzled locks, which nature did provide
In plenteous growth, their asses' ears to hide."

What is the Reason— a Man will Insure.....

his Life



his

Home



his

Valuables

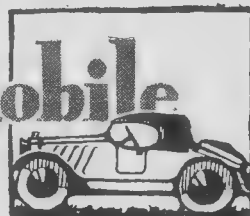


his
Business
Assets



his

Automobile



his

Bull-dog



but not—**His
Wife**



Here are some reasons obtaining among (otherwise) Business Men given as actual answers to this question.

"Because she wouldn't like it."

"Because it isn't necessary."

"Because she isn't a wage earner, and therefore, has no financial value."

"Because I can never replace her."

"Because I can always replace her."

"Because I can't afford it."

"Because I never thought of it."

Which is Your Husband's Pet Reason? Find out, and have him write or talk it over with us.

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The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Uses and Abuses of Speech

"BE YE HOLY," says the Bible, "in all manner of conversation." Speech is provided for our use. When it is abused, it is misused. In the sixteenth century, Thomas Hobbes, who was born in England in 1588, wrote: "The general use of speech is to transfer our mental discourse into verbal, or the train of our 'thoughts into a train of words.'"

He then proceeded to arrange the uses of speech under four divisions, and the abuses of speech under four corresponding divisions. His judgment in the matter was so sound that his advice stands good for the conditions of today and in brief form his comments on the rights and wrongs of speaking are reproduced here.

Special Uses of Speech:

First, to register what by cogitation we find to be the cause of anything, present or past; and what we find things present or past may produce or effect; which, in sum, is acquiring of arts.

Secondly, to show others that knowledge which we have attained, which is to counsel and teach one another.

Thirdly, to make known to others our wills and purposes, that we may have the mutual help of one another.

Fourthly, to please and delight ourselves and others by playing with our words, for pleasure or ornament, innocently.

Four Correspondent Abuses:

First, when men register their thoughts wrong, by the inconstancy of the signification of their words; by which they register for their conceptions that which they never conceived, and so deceive themselves.

Secondly, when they use words metaphorically, that is, in other sense in that they are ordained for, and thereby deceive others.

Thirdly, when by words they declare that to be their will which is not.

Fourthly, when they use them to grieve one another; for seeing Nature hath armed living creatures, some with teeth, some with horns, and some with hands, to grieve an enemy, it is but an abuse of speech to grieve him with the tongue, unless it be one whom we are obliged to govern; and then it is not to grieve but to correct and amend.

Sympathy

SYMPATHY is one of the great secrets of life, says Smiles. It overcomes evil and strengthens good. Sympathy, when allowed to take a wider range, assumes the larger form of public philanthropy. It influences man in the endeavor to elevate his fellow creatures from a state of poverty and distress, to improve the condition of the masses of the people, to diffuse the results of civilization far and wide among mankind, and to unite in the bonds of peace and brotherhood the parted families of the human race. And it is every man's duty, whose lot has been favored in comparison with others, who enjoys advantages of wealth, or knowledge, or social influence, of which others are deprived, to devote at least a certain portion of his time or money to the promotion of the general well being.

It is not great money, or great intellectual power that is necessary. The power of money is overestimated. St. Paul and his disciples spread Christianity over half the Roman world, with little more money than is gained from a fashionable bazaar.

A Tribute to the Dog

SENATOR Vest was solicitor for the plaintiff in a case arising over the killing of a dog in a Missouri town. At the close of the testimony, the Senator addressed the jury as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or his daughter whom he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proved ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow, and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be at his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings, and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And, when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in his embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true, even in death.

Captain Hall relates an incident of Sir Walter Scott's boyhood, which had a powerful influence upon his after life. One day, a dog coming toward him, he took up a stone and threw it. He broke the dog's leg. The poor dog had strength enough left to crawl up to him and lick his feet. This incident he said, had given him the bitterest remorse. He could never forget it, because he was a thoroughly tender-hearted man. He had always his pets about him. He had a fund of kindness for every created being. He wrote his novels with his dogs about him—Maida, Nimrod and Bran. Maida was his favorite. It died during his lifetime, and he had a sculptured monument of it set up before his door.

Town and Country

A NEW York lawyer of indifferent success was recounting to a friend the cause that had influenced him to come to the metropolis. "Twenty-five years ago," he said, "I was a successful lawyer in a small southern town where I knew friends and happiness. These I sacrificed that I might bring my children to the city where they would enjoy superior educational advantages. I was especially desirous that my boys might be reared in the atmosphere of big business. Today, as I grow old, not a boy of the three I have reared in New York is earning twenty-five dollars a week."

Counter attractions often neutralize urban advantages. The subject is one that is often debated and one of the latest contributions is from the pen of Mr. A. St. John Adcock who, writing in the Sunday Illustrated, says:

"If you banished from London all who are not happy, you might comfortably house the remnant in one of its suburbs; for, unless my reading is at fault (I am pretty sure it is not), here are the states of mind into which every hundred of its population may be roughly divided:"

Discontented, disheartened, worried.....	25
Resigned, indifferent.....	25
Hard, selfish, avaricious.....	10
Complacent, self-satisfied, pompous.....	10
Humble, gentle, dully contented.....	15
Genial, happy.....	15

Mr. Adcock thinks that "the countryman lives a simpler, healthier less harassing life; the very seasons bring variety into his labors, he can enjoy the breeze of a fine day, draw quiet pleasure from natural sources."

A Set of Thrift Questions

1. Contrast thrift with parsimony.
2. How does money spending affect one's character?
3. How old were you when you took out your first insurance policy?
4. Do you plan your money expenditures systematically, determining what percentage of your income you can afford for clothing or self-improvement, for recreation, for saving?
5. If you should inherit ten thousand dollars tomorrow, how do you think you would invest it?
6. What is your basis for distinguishing between luxuries and necessities?

Nineteenth Century Letters

MESSRS. Charles Scribner's Sons, the well known publishers of New York, have recently published a series entitled "The Modern Student's Library." The volumes are well printed, pocket size, and strongly and attractively bound. Among the titles already in print are: The History of Pendennis, by Thackeray; Boswell's Life of Johnson, abridged, Adam Bede, by George Eliot; Past and Present, by Carlyle, and Nineteenth Century Letters.

The one before me, Nineteenth Century Letters, contains many of the letters, grave and gay, of such well known writers as Wordsworth, Scott, Southey, Lamb, Moore, Arnold, Carlyle, Newman, Longfellow, Lincoln, Ruskin, Browning, Huxley, Lanier and Stevenson. Although included in a student series, its variety and charm are such that it makes a splendid volume for general reading; it is particularly appropriate to the holiday season.

The following note written by Longfellow to a Mr. Fields gives an idea of the easy strain in which many of the letters are written:

"I have no end of poems sent me for candid judgment and opinion. Four are on hand at this moment. A large folio came last night from a lady. It has been

chasing me round the country; has been in East Cambridge and in West Cambridge; and finally came by the hands of policeman Sanderson to my house. I wish he had 'waived examination and committed it'—to memory. What shall I do? These poems weaken me very much. It is like so much water added to the spirit of poetry."

The Stamp Collector

THERE are signs of a revival of interest in the art of stamp collecting. Perhaps the upheaval in Europe is in part responsible. Surcharges, war issues, peace issues and commemorative stamps of many kinds are being run off with startling speed by the presses of Europe. The collector who does not specialize in the stamps of one or two countries is driven almost to despair in his efforts to keep reasonable pace with the new arrivals.

During the war, the French government confiscated the collection of a Count Ferrari. The stamps are now being offered at auction and the government expects to realize some five million dollars from their sale. The sales are held by auction and dealers attend them from many parts of the world. At the last sale, a British Guiana one-cent stamp, the only one known to exist, was bid in by a British dealer, for an American client, at a cost of \$39,100.00. In addition to this sum, the French government levies a tax of 17½ per cent., and there is the dealer's commission to be paid.

Letters arriving in Western Canada from Russia, form most interesting exhibits for the stamp collector. Whole sheets of stamps are affixed to the letters in some cases, and a letter recently handed to the writer was covered in stamps of the total face value of 195, 500 rubles. As the pre-war value of a ruble was something over fifty cents, the nominal cost of this postage in Canadian money is over \$97,000.00.

Other stamps of special interest to collectors are available from Palestine, Armenia, Jugo-Slavia, Montenegro, Upper Silesia, Ireland (surcharges), Turkey, Siberia and Czecho-Slovakia.

The New York Herald said recently: "Stamp collecting is a fascinating pursuit with a serious side, and of undoubted value as an incentive to historical study and research. It is no longer a pastime confined to the small boy with his stamp album, but a hobby indulged in by men of means."

It is more than likely that many of the readers of the W. H. M. have an interest in this subject. It is one that should prove of great interest and value to the families in many a prairie home. If enough readers write to indicate their interest, it might be possible to establish a corner regularly in the interests of the stamp collectors of Western Canada.

In the meantime, those who wish to secure official information, with illustrations, concerning the new issues of all countries and of Europe in particular, are referred to Scott's Monthly Journal, published at 33 West 44th St, New York City.

Three Facts

THREE facts were learned—first, that character was basic to all true success; second, that success was the upward way and meant a persistent climb with a victorious trial of will and strength such as would overcome both the weariness and the pain of each day's work; third, faith that the one who did his part in honest toil and in worthy character-building, could expect both God and man to back him in the life struggle.

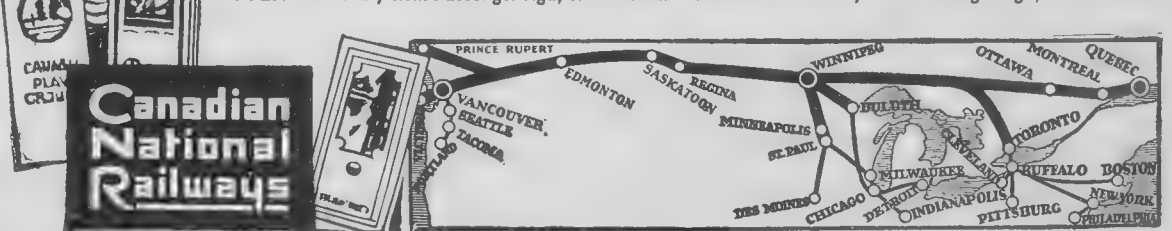
Many times when a student and since, I have been buoyed up by the confidence that with my best effort the way would open,—and I have not been disappointed.—S. F. Kerfoot.

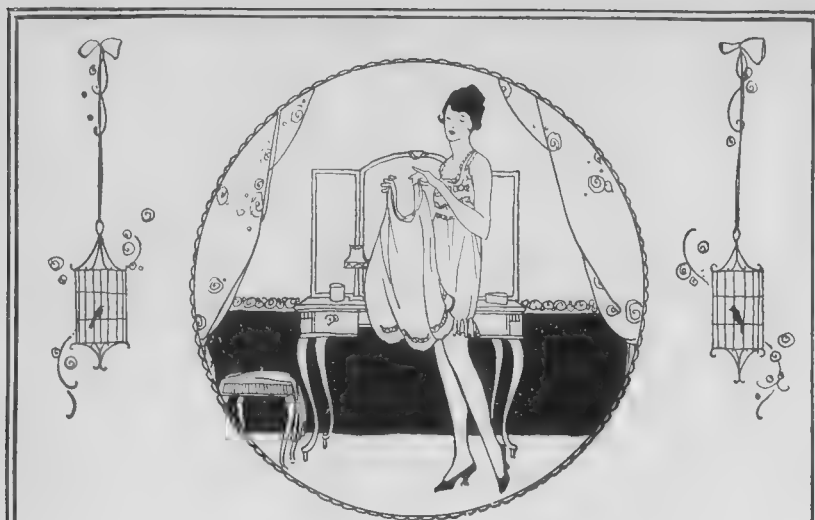
On Being Happy

IF ONE were in search of the best consolation to be derived from human wisdom, and were seeking it in the books in which the utterances of the world's wisest men are recorded, there is a saying of Socrates, recorded by Plato, which would probably be found to be the most consoling bit of philosophy. It is this: "If all our misfortunes were laid in one heap, from which it were decreed that everyone must take an equal portion, nearly everybody would be content to take his own and depart." Which one of us, after all, would change places with his neighbor? There is another saying by a witty Frenchman, "Life would be quite tolerable, if it were not for its amusements," which has a certain wisdom in it, for all its apparent levity; it is one of those sayings that must be taken the right way, or not at all. In a mood of austere wisdom Thomas Hardy has written: "There is an end to joy; there is no end to striving." The greatest obstacle to being happy is being self-centred. The surest way to be happy is to have a purpose in life outside oneself, to cultivate kind thoughts, contentment and peace of mind. In a life so ordered there will be "joy for weary hours."

Continued from page 13

Continued on page 48.





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Great Songs

WHILE looking through an old set of music books of "Famous songs and those who made them", I was impressed with this statement: "Very great songs—great in all respects—are comparatively few."

Then turning over the pages of the songs that "have swayed popular opinion, inspired armies, sustained revolutions, honored the king and marked historical epochs", I learned that the Scotch more than any other nation have contributed rhyme in written melody.

An article in the Free Press, written after the latest musical festivals, bore the following splendid head line: "Music Steadies the Soul, In Big Moments of Life."

The writer, C. E. Sheldon-Williams of Regina, related facts so interesting that I feel our readers would appreciate some quotations from his article: "It was with music Christ steadied his Soul to meet the last terrible ordeal, for 'When they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.' And music does steady the Soul as the spoken word cannot. It was the 'Psalm-singing Round Heads,' the 'Psalm-singing Covenanters,' whose spirit could not be broken. When the 'Titanic' sank, the music of 'Nearer My God to Thee' floated over the icy waters; while it was with the songs of home, of country and of loved ones that our soldiers fought back so courageously loneliness, fear and homesickness—unseen foes who are more to be dreaded than the human enemy."

When Handel, divinely inspired, heard and saved to the world the deathless harmonies of 'The Messiah,' he said that while composing the 'Hallelujah Chorus' it was as if he stood in the very presence of God.

For more than a year we have emphasized in this department Canadian poetry, and we learned that "it takes many people who live poetry to make one real poet." In the early history of Canada the sturdy Normans and Bretons

his publisher in two years over £10,000. Payne himself said one time:

"How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing 'Sweet Home' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head! The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread."

"The Lost Chord" is another song in the world's great song book. Adelaide Proctor composed the words and Sir Arthur Sullivan whose comic opera compositions never degenerated into coarseness composed the music: Listen! Does this quiet a restless soul?

"Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys;

I know not what I was playing.
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm,

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo,
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings,
Into one of perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease;

I have sought but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,

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Prosperous place in the Edson District, showing part of oat and potato crop on Big Eddy Ranch. Note the beautiful MacLeod River on the left, and the famous Big Eddy bridge (after which the ranch was named) in the distance. Photo by Raymond Thompson.

who came here brought with them the songs of their ancestors. Many of these are published in Les Chansons Populaires du Canada.

The early English and Scotch settlers sang songs of devotion, for religion was the keynote of their lives.

But to go back to the old set of music books I would quote verses of old songs so familiar that we have really forgotten their depth of soul power.

For example, John Howard Payne must have thought of a lovely childhood home when later in life while almost starving in an attic in Paris he wrote:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

This song that shall ring through the ages netted Payne only £25 while it netted

Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel,
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven,
I shall hear that grand Amen."

What soul satisfaction must comfort the traveller who feels the message of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"! This song was composed by the founder of the first girl's school in the States—Emma Willard, who wrote it during a passage home from Europe in 1832. The music was composed by Mr. Knight, an Englishman who taught music in Miss Willard's school.

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou O! Lord, hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,

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And such the trust that still were his
 Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
 Or tho' the tempests' fiery breath,
 Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
 In ocean cave still safe with thee,
 The germ of immortality;
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Then there is that sweet song of girlhood responsibility, "We'd Better Bide A Wee," composed by Mrs. Charlotte A. Barnard.

"The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind,
 Are frail, and failing sair,
 And weel I ken they'd miss me, land,
 Gin I came hame nae mair;
 The grist is out, the times are hard,
 The kine are only three,
 I canna leave the auld folk now,
 We'd better bide a wee,
 I canna leave the auld folk now,
 We'd better bide a wee."

When first we told our story lad,
 Their blessing fell sae free,
 They gave no tho't to self at all,
 They did but think of me,
 But laddie that's a time awa,
 And Mither's like to dee,
 I canna leave the auld folk now,
 We'd better bide a wee,
 I canna leave the auld folk now,
 We'd better bide a wee."

I fear me sair, they're failing baith,
 For when I set apart,
 They'll talk o' heaven sae earnestly,
 It well nigh breaks my heart,
 So, laddie, dinna urge me mair,
 It surely winna be,
 I canna leave the auld folk now,
 We'd better bide a wee,
 I canna leave the auld folk now,
 We'd better bide a wee."

Devoted loyalty between husband and wife has never been more beautifully sung than in the words of Eben Rexford in the song "Silver Threads Among the Gold." His compositions numbered fifteen hundred, but this is the one that lives. This is the monument that marks his work:

"Darling, I am growing old,
 Silver threads among the gold,
 Shine upon my brow to-day;
 Life is fading fast away;
 But, my darling, you will be,
 Always young and fair to me,—
 Yes! my darling, you will be
 Always young and fair to me."

Love can never more grow old,
 Locks may lose their brown and gold;
 Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
 But the hearts that love will know,
 Never winter's frost and chill;
 Summer warmth is in them still—
 Never winter's frost and chill,
 Summer warmth is in them still."

Love is always young and fair,—
 What to us is silver hair;
 Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
 To the heart that beats below?
 Since I kissed you mine alone,
 You have never older grown,
 Since I kissed you mine alone,
 You have never older grown."

A girl once wrote me that the most beautiful memory of her mother was connected with that most popular of all Canadian compositions—"What a Friend we have in Jesus." She explained the sorrow that came to their home when the first member of their family had been taken from them. For a while no light seemed to break through the black cloud that hovered over the home, then one day their mother's voice suddenly changed the atmosphere of the home as she sang, "What a Friend we have in Jesus!" And the great song steadied the soul of that mother in the "big moment of her life."

Woman's Work in Music

A LITTLE volume on the above subject contains a chapter on the English woman's work in music: It refers to England as a land of musical festivals, at which choral work plays an important part. Many of England's best known musical women rest their fame on a few short pieces. There is a vast difference between good music and great music, and a song of real worth often outlasts an ambitious but overgrown symphony that is laid on the shelf after one hearing.

Among England's women composers on the violin are Margaret Gyde, Kate

Westrop, Caroline Carr Mosely, violin and 'cello, and Agnes Zimmerman who is regarded as one of England's leading composers.

There are more women composers of piano music—Arabella Goddard and Amnia Goodwin are perhaps the most representative women. Among the song composers are Liza Lehmann and Francis Allitsen, whose songs were settings of Browning and Shelley and other great poets. Frances Allitsen was a girl whose family discouraged her musical ambition but in spite of many obstacles she became the successful composer of several successful musical productions.

Maude Valerie White ranks among the best of England's song writers. Her setting of Shelley's "My Soul is an Enchanted Boat," is considered by some to be one of the finest songs in our language.

The book contains other names of England's women composers, mentioning Patti and Lady Tennyson.

Miss Playfair

AT A recent convention of Women's Institutes, Miss Playfair made some statements that contain food for thought. Miss Playfair is a woman whose sincerity and personality seem so charged with spirituality that what she says carries weight and power.

It makes us think on these things. Miss Playfair told the women that,

"Women would never have needed the franchise if she had made her influence more telling with her husband, sons, father or brothers." She reviewed the power and influence of women in the world through the centuries and declared that where they exerted themselves men were "but pawns in their hands".

"To women has been given a position in the world not only of usefulness, beauty and grace, but of responsibility and power. The records of history proclaim her influence throughout centuries. Whether for good or evil, it is hers to hold the reins and be the real leader of affairs, and heaven help the state or country where women have gone wrong. Women are occupying every kind of position in the world but her real place is the home. To equip herself she must have the enlarged outlook, the knowledge of men and affairs that will make it possible for her to give the child that direction and care that not only means a bigger life for the child but shall give to him a sense of responsibility for life, that will save from waste the most precious thing in all God's economy—the young manhood and the young womanhood of our land."



FAMOUS CANADIAN INDIAN PRINCESS POET HONORED BY UNIQUE MONUMENT

Princess Tekahionwake, famous Canadian Indian princess poetess and prose writer internationally known as Pauline Johnson, who died in Vancouver some little time ago, has just been honored by various Canadian Women's Organizations with a unique monument of rough boulders taken from the sea at a spot where her ashes were scattered upon the waters. Her likeness has been carved with remarkable fidelity on one stone. The monument stands in Stanley Park. (Francis Dickie)

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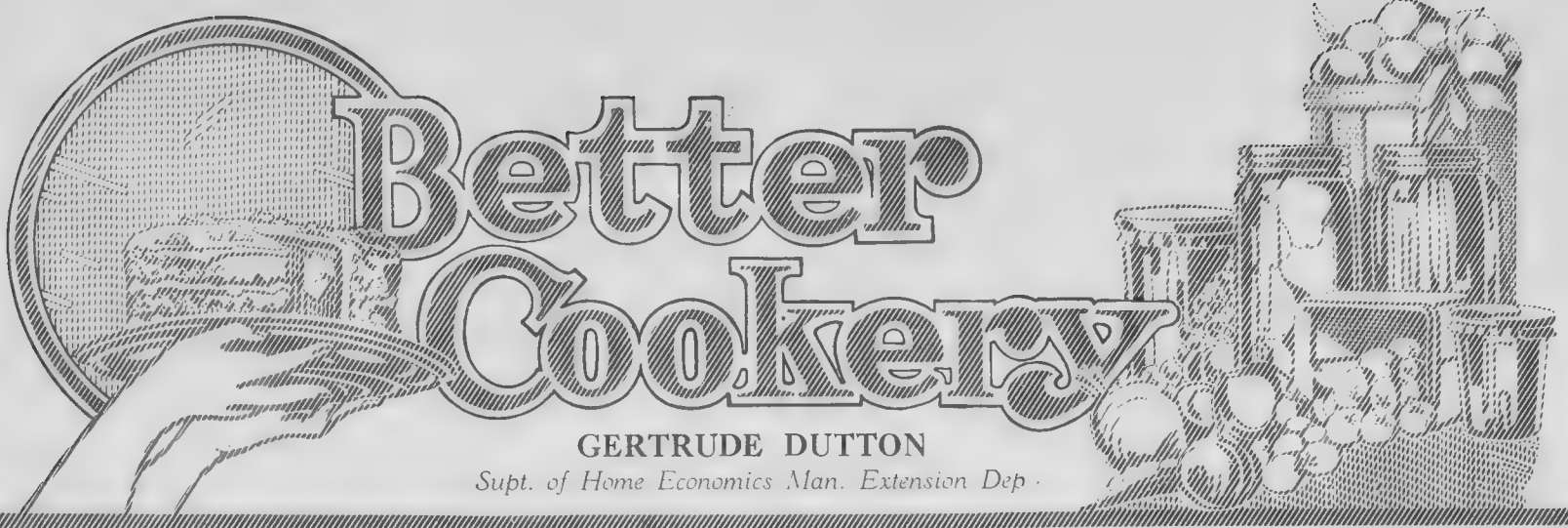
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Use Your Ice Cream Freezer

IT IS doubtful if there is any more popular dessert than some forms of ice cream, especially in the hot weather. Those made at home have a flavor never to be found in the manufactured ices. Making them at home is not half so troublesome as many people think. The necessities are a good freezer of a size suitable for the family (a quart freezer serves six) a heavy canvas bag and a mallet for crushing the ice, a large dishpan or old tray on which to set the freezer, a dishpan or tub to hold the ice, a large spoon or coal shovel, and plenty of ice and coarse rock salt. Fine table salt will not do. To prepare the ice for use, put rather large pieces in the canvas bag and crush finely with the mallet, or with the broad side of an axe, then empty into the tub or pan prepared for the purpose—continue crushing till you have sufficient for the entire process.

There are two distinct types of freezer, the ordinary crank freezer, and the crankless or vacuum freezer. The methods of using these two are quite different. If your freezer is of the crank variety just

frozen cream packed solidly in it, the cover, which goes over the edge of the mold, not inside of it, adjusted and a strip of cotton cloth dipped in salad oil or melted butter, bound around the edge, over the opening, to prevent any salty water getting in at the opening. The mold is then buried in ice and salt till ready to use. At serving time, all ice, salt and water are wiped off the mold, the strip of cloth and cover are removed, and the mold inverted on the serving dish. Wrap a cloth wrung out of hot water around it for a moment, till the cream has been melted just enough to enable the mold to be lifted off. The cream may then be cut in slices.

The crankless freezer is excellent to take on motor trips or picnics etc., as it takes up so little space. The ice must be crushed exceedingly fine. While packing, the cream container is empty, with the cover on it. To pack, a cup of cold water is first poured in then the ice compartment filled with alternate cupfuls of ice and rock salt, packing down frequently with a long-handled spoon. When quite full of ice and salt, pour in another cup of cold

it begins to freeze, add the juice of 2 oranges and 1 lemon.

Milk Sherbet—II

Milk—1 qt. Sugar—1 pt. Lemons—3
Put the milk in the freezer can, add the strained juice of three lemons, in which the sugar has been dissolved, slowly freeze.

Even if the milk and lemon juice curdles at first, the finished sherbet will be quite smooth when ready to serve.

Pineapple Sherbet

1 can grated pineapple
1 cup sugar
2 lbs. granulated gelatine
1 qt. water or milk
Juice of 2 lemons

Orange Ice

Water 4 c. Orange Juice 2 c.
Sugar 2 c. Lemon Juice ¼ c.
Grated rind of 2 oranges

Make a syrup by boiling the sugar and water—add the fruit juice, and grated rind; cool, strain and freeze.

Lemon Ice and Its Variations

Lemons—4 Boiling water—1 qt. Sugar—2 c.
Steep very thin parings from 1 lemon in a covered bowl, squeeze the lemons and add with the sugar to the water. Add more sugar if necessary—when cold, strain and freeze. Vary by adding Marachino cherries or shredded angelica before serving; or omit the peel; or steep ½ c. candied ginger with the lemon peel.

Mint Ice

Bruise six mint leaves and steep for 15 minutes in half a cup of lemon juice. Proceed as for lemon ice. Or add a few drops of oil of peppermint just before freezing.

Grape Ice

Grape Juice 2 c. Orange Juice ¾ c.
Water 2 c. Lemon Juice ¼ c.
Sugar 2 c.

Cut the fruit in small pieces. Mix with them the juice from the cans, the oranges cut in pieces, and the lemon juice. Fold in two cups of rich cooked salad dressing, and the cream stiffly whipped. Freeze in the ice cream freezer, then pack in brick molds to ripen for one hour. To serve, cut in slices, and place on lettuce leaves. This recipe will serve three dozen people.

Ceylon Ice

Water 1 qt. Cloves 2
Sugar 2 c. Stick cinnamon ½ inch
Lemon 1 Granulated gelatine 1 t.

Red Raspberries 1 qt.

Boil the water, sugar, cloves, cinnamon and the shaved peel of the lemon for 10 minutes. Add the gelatine dissolved in a little cold water and strain the raspberries, add the lemon juice and mash as the mixtures cools, strain and freeze

Rhubarb Sherbet

Wash the rhubarb, but do not peel. Cut fine, cover with an equal amount of sugar and water, and cook in a double boiler till very soft. Drain through cheesecloth. To 1 pint of pulp add the strained juice of 1 lemon, more sugar if needed, and a little red coloring if the skin has not made it pink enough. Freeze. The flavor may be varied by cooking with the rhubarb the rind of 1 lemon, or a piece of stick cinnamon, or the pulp and juice of a can of pineapple.

Rhubarb Bombe

Use red stalks of rhubarb. Wash, cut in pieces, but do not peel, two pounds. Add 1 cup water, 2 cups sugar. Cook slowly in a double boiler, or a covered casserole in the oven till very clear and tender. Strain through cheesecloth. There should be 1 quart of liquid. Freeze. Line a large chilled melon mold with the frozen ice, about 1 inch thick. Fill the centre with Charlotte Russe Filling. Cover with



Fruit Salad Frozen,

scald thoroughly the can, dasher and cover, then cool with cold water. Put the dasher in the can, pour in the cold mixture to be frozen, adjust the cover and set the can in the freezer tub. Put on the top, and turn the crank a few times to make sure that it is in good working order. Then pack with the ice and salt, using three parts of ice to one of salt. Put in three cups of salt, all around the can, then sprinkle over it one cup of salt. Continue till the cover of the can is reached, poking the ice down occasionally with the spoon handle, or a small stick, to be sure that the pack is solid. Cover the can with ice, but it is wiser to use no salt above the cover, for fear a little might get into the cream.

After the packing is finished, turn the handle steadily and evenly but not very fast, for the first five minutes. The speed may then be increased a little. Do not draw off the water, as it is the melting of the ice which causes the cream to freeze.

When the cream is frozen, remove all ice from the top of the can, wipe off the cover carefully, take it off, and remove the dasher, scraping the cream off it. Pack the cream down with a spoon, replace the cover, putting a cork in the hole through which the dasher fits. Draw off all the water, and repack the freezer with four parts of ice to one part of salt. Cover with a heavy pad of newspaper, burlap or old carpet. The cream is much better in texture or flavor if allowed to "ripen" in this way for at least an hour before serving.

One may wish to mold the cream in bricks or other shapes. Melon molds are often chosen. The chilled mold has the

water, shake the freezer, and add more salt and ice if it will hold more, using equal parts of each. Adjust the cover and invert the can to chill the cream compartment thoroughly. The sides of it should be frosted. Pour the cold mixture in quickly, adjust the cover tightly, and leave it to freeze, which will take about an hour.

Among the ices are:

1. Water Ice—Fruit juice, sugar and water.
2. Sherbet—Water ice, and gelatine or beaten egg whites.
3. Frappe—Water ice frozen only to a mush.
4. Sorbet—Frozen punch.

Ice Creams are of two kinds:

1. Creams stirred while freezing.
 - (a) French Ice Cream—A custard foundation with plain or whipped cream, and sometimes whites of eggs.
 - (b) Philadelphia Ice Cream—Thin cream, sugar and flavoring.
2. Creams frozen without stirring:
 - (a) Parfait—Custard foundation, whipped cream and flavoring.
 - (b) Mousse—Whipped cream, sugar flavoring and dissolved gelatine.

There are also frozen puddings and salads.

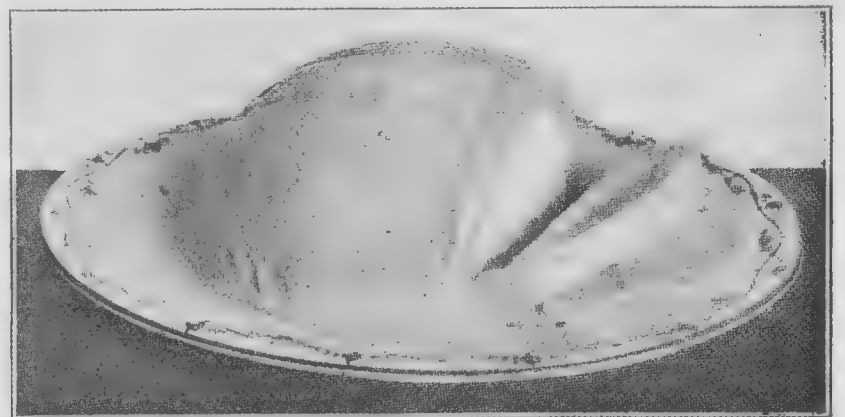
Abbreviations, c.—Cup, tb.—Tablespoon, t.—teaspoon.

Milk Sherbet or Lemon Velvet—I

Milk—1 pt. Cream—1 pt. Sugar—1 pt.
Mix together, and stir till the sugar is dissolved. Pour in the freezer, and when

Frozen Fruit Salad

Pineapple, 1 can Oranges 2
White cherries, 1 can Lemon 1
Pears, 1 can Cream 1 pt.
Peaches, 1 can Cooked Dressing 2c.



Rhubarb Bombe

One teaspoon granulated gelatine soaked in cold water to cover, dissolved in boiling water when added to ices, gives them a light smooth consistency, and prevents too rapid melting. It may be used in any of the preceding recipes. Whenever gelatine is used with pineapple, the fruit or juice must first be scalded.

rhubarb ice, pack and let stand an hour or longer.

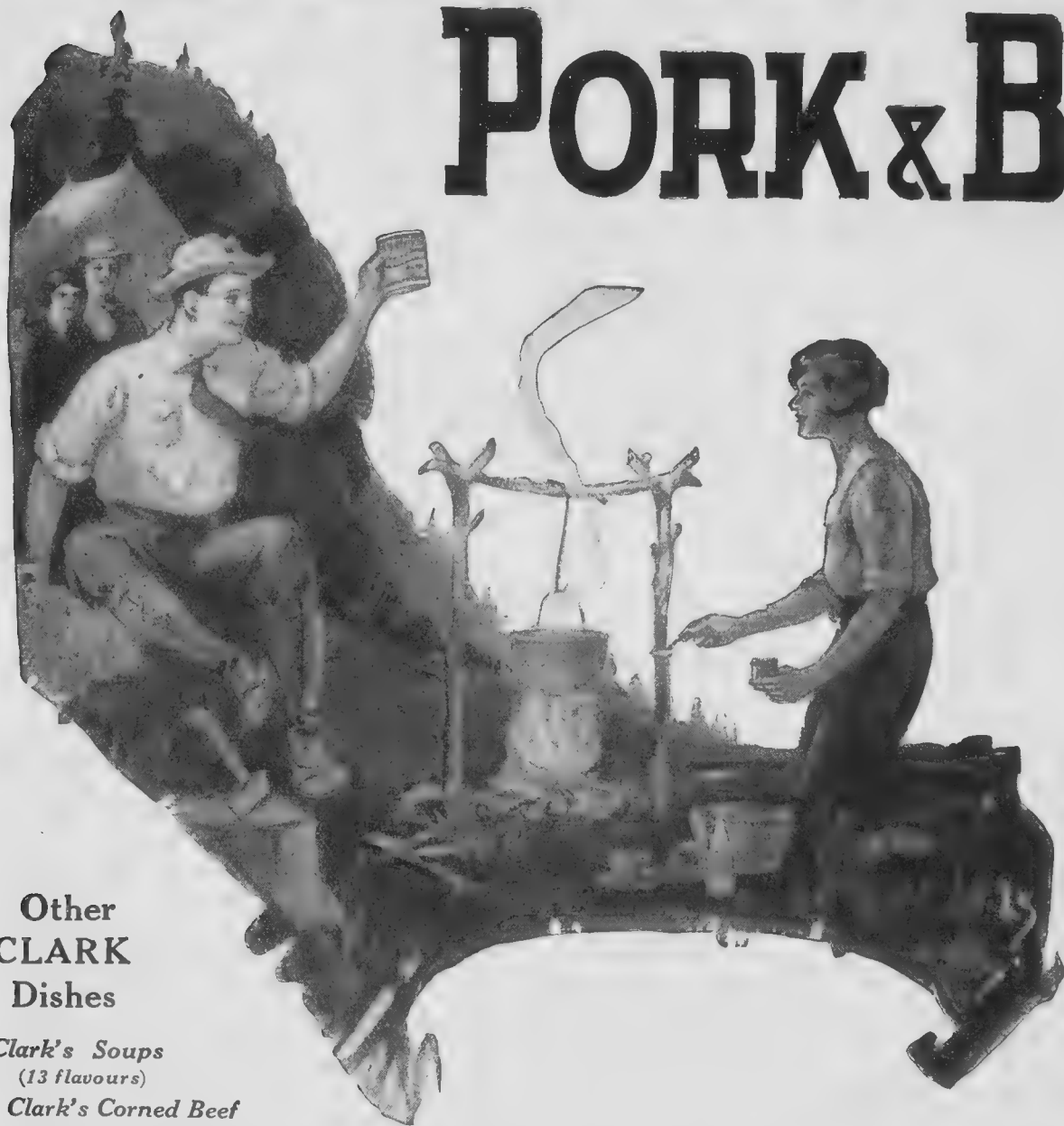
Charlotte Russe Filling

White of 1 egg Powdered sugar ½ c.
Heavy cream 1 c. Vanilla 1 t.
Beat the egg white till dry, adding powdered sugar gradually. Fold in the stiffly whipped cream, to which the vanilla has been added.

Mixed Fruit Sherbets

2 qts. chilled milk Juice 3 lemons
Continued on page 32

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



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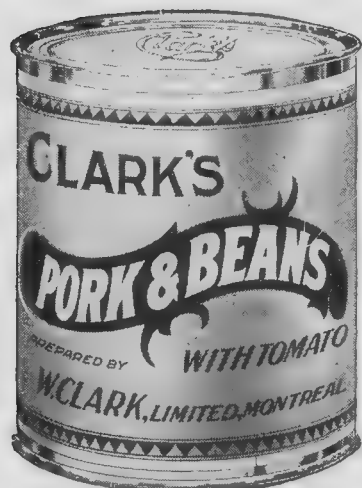
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BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 30

2 oranges 1 can apricots
Sugar to sweeten, and freeze as usual. Or instead of apricot juice, use one cup of pineapple, grape or strawberry juice, or $\frac{1}{4}$ c. each of currant, raspberry and cherry juice.
Granites are of the same granular texture as frappes, but usually have small pieces of fruit pulps in them.

Philadelphia Ice Cream

Thin Cream 1 qt. (or heavy cream 3 c., milk 1 c.) Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Sugar 1 c. Flavoring 1 tb.
Scald the cream and the sugar. When cold add the flavoring and freeze. Scalding gives the ice cream a firm velvety texture not to be found in uncooked creams.

French Ice Cream

Cream 2 c. Egg yolks 5
Milk 2 c. Vanilla 1 tb.
Sugar 1 c. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Make a custard of the milk, sugar and egg yolks. When cool, add the cream, flavoring and salt, and freeze.

Plain Ice Cream

Milk 1 qt. (or half milk, half cream)
Sugar 1 c. Flour 2 tb.
Eggs 2 Cream Sugar
Flavoring Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Boil the milk, or milk and cream, mix the cup of sugar with the flour and salt, add enough cold milk to make a thin paste, and pour into the boiling milk. Cook 20 minutes in a double boiler, add the well beaten eggs, and cook a moment longer, till the egg is cooked, cool, flavor, and add from 1 to 4 cups of thin cream and as much more sugar as is necessary. Freeze.

Many varieties of ice creams may be made by using either of these recipes, and varying the flavoring, manner of molding and the proportions of egg and milk and cream.

Caramel Ice Cream

To French Ice Cream, add 1 c. caramelized sugar before freezing.

Chocolate Ice Cream

Blend 2 ounces of unsweetened melted chocolate with the custard for any Ice Cream

Ginger Ice Cream

Add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. preserved ginger chopped fine, 2 tb. lemon juice and 3 tb. ginger syrup to Philadelphia or French Ice Cream and freeze.

Strawberry Parfait

Strawberries 1 qt. Powdered sugar 1 c.
Gelatin granulated 1 t. Egg Whites 3
Thick cream 1 pt.

Mix the powdered sugar and berries and mash through a sieve. Dissolve the gelatin in cold water, melt over hot water and add to the strawberry juice. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, slightly salted and the whipped cream, when the juice has commenced to thicken. Freeze in the chilled can, packed with equal parts of very finely crushed ice, and salt.

Sultana Roll

Make Philadelphia or French Ice Cream, flavor with pistachio and tint pale green. Pistachio flavoring is made of vanilla 1 tb. to almond extract 1 t. Freeze. Line pound baking powder cans with it, about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Fill the centre with plain vanilla cream or white mousse, with which has been mixed $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sultanas, soaked till soft in rich sugar syrup. Cover with the green, pack, and let stand an hour to ripen. To serve, cut in slices.

Maple Mousse

Sultanas $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Maple syrup
Cream, thick 1 pt. Lemon juice 1 t.
Soak the sultanas in enough maple syrup to cover them, for some hours. Drain, and strain the syrup into the cream. Whip till stiff. Add the raisins, and lemon juice. Pack in a mold in equal parts of ice and salt. The mold may first be lined with lemon or orange ice, and the maple mousse put in the centre.

Banana, Apricot or Peach Mousse
Pulp 1 pt. Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
Gelatin 1 t., softened Sugar to taste

Thick cream 1 pt.

Use sifted pulp of either fresh peaches or bananas, or stewed dried apricots or peaches. Add the sugar, dissolved gelatin, and lemon juice. When it thickens, fold in the stiffly whipped cream. Pack and let stand three hours.

Pineapple Parfait

Chop fine enough pineapple to fill a cup. Force it through a strainer. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the pineapple juice, the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Stir till the sugar is dissolved. Whip 1 cup of cream quite stiff. Fold into the pineapple mixture. Pack in a brick shaped mold. It may be garnished with half slices of pineapple, nuts and whipped cream.

Thirst Quenchers

Grape Punch

Sugar 1 c. Grape juice 2 c.
Water 2 c. Juice of two lemons
Orange juice $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Mint, 4 sprigs
Grated pineapple 1 c.

Make a syrup of the sugar and water, boiling it one minute. Cool. Add the fruit juices and bruised mint. Dilute with ice water to desired strength.

Cherry Punch

Water 2 c. Cherry juice, canned 2 c.
Sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Orange juice $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Pineapple juice $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Juice of two lemons

Bring the water and sugar to the boiling point. Add the fruit juices. Cool. Dilute with ice water. Garnish with candied cherries or slices of banana.

Ginger Grape Punch

Fill each glass $\frac{1}{4}$ full of grape juice; then fill up with ice cold ginger ale.

Lemon Syrup

Lemon juice 1 qt. Water 5 c.
Sugar 3 lbs. Grated rind of the lemons

Mix all together and boil a few minutes. Strain and bottle for use with ice-water as lemonade.

Pineapple Lemonade

Water 2 c. Lemons, 3
Pineapple, grated 1 c. with the juice
Sugar 1 c.

Make a syrup of the water and sugar. Add the strained lemon juice, and the pineapple. Cool. Dilute with ice water.

Cherry Frost

Fill tall glasses with chipped ice. Pour over it a mixture of 2 parts ginger ale to 1 part grape juice. Decorate each glass with candied cherries.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Save Your Furs and Woollens

How the house-wife hates the little moths which have become such a pest of recent years! The moth herself is harmless enough. She deposits her eggs on some animal fibre, such as wool or fur, so that the larvae will be provided with food when they hatch out, which is several weeks after the egg has been deposited. The larva is a tiny white worm, and is the little pest who does the damage. As soon as it is hatched, it begins to feed on whatever material of animal origin it finds itself. From this food it forms a case for itself, somewhat similar to the cocoons of larger worms, with which we are familiar. After a rest period, it emerges as a moth, lays more eggs, and the story repeats itself.

As the moth does not eat when in the moth stage, it cannot be killed by administering poisoned foods, as with other insects. Its keen sense of smell drives it away from unpleasant odors, so fumes are not of much avail.

As the adult moth prefers putting her eggs in dark, undisturbed places, a wise precaution is to frequently remove all clothes from closets, hang them in the open air if possible, and to thoroughly clean the closet before replacing the clothing. Putting in the cracks a solution of half turpentine and half carbolic acid will tend to keep them out.

Furs, and other clothing which will not be used for some time, should be put where the moths cannot attack them. Before being put away, they should be well cleaned, and when possible, pressed.

Housewives!

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The heat of the iron will kill any moth eggs which may be present. Then the articles are sealed up where moths cannot penetrate. Paper is good. Tar-paper bags may be purchased at a reasonable price, and are satisfactory. A cedar chest is an excellent storage place, if one can afford it. Moth balls, camphor and other unpleasant odors are of practically no use, as they will not kill either the eggs or moths, although the moth is less likely to enter a place where they may be.

Cold storage is good for furs, if one is within reach of such a place.

The best method so far discovered for killing moths, is by the use of carbon bisulphite, which can be purchased in small quantities at any drug store. After cleaning the clothes, put them in a tight box or trunk. On top of the pile of clothing, place a shallow dish of carbon bisulphite, then close the lid at once. The fumes will destroy moths, larvae and eggs. When the odor has disappeared, put another supply in the dish. The odor is quite unpleasant, but disappears very rapidly on hanging the garments up to air. A wise precaution is to cover the mouth and nostrils with a silk handkerchief, while handling the bisulphite, and to keep the bottle corked until ready to pour the liquid from it, as it is highly inflammable. There must not be a fire or light in the room when handling it. Should a few drops be spilled on any garments, they will do no injury.

The House-Fly

Many campaigns have been conducted for eliminating the house-fly. Screens will keep some of them outside. Sticky fly pads and various poisons will destroy a large number that do find their way in, but the only real cure is to destroy all breeding places, which are masses of filth, decaying vegetable and animal matter.

Bed Bugs

Bed bugs are not the general pest they formerly were. Modern beds in place of the old-fashioned slatted wooden ones common a few years ago have deprived the vermin of a very good hiding place. However, one does sometimes find its way into the home of the very cleanest and most particular housekeeper. Soon there are a number of the pests. Fumigation with burning sulphur is an efficient remedy, as it kills the eggs as well as the adult insects, but must be carefully done to avoid fire, bleaching curtains, upholstery, wall-paper, etc., and the tarnishing of metals. But on moving into a house which has not been kept as clean as it might, it is worth while to take this extra precaution.

There are several household remedies which are quite satisfactory when fumigating does not seem desirable, or if very few insects are present. Injecting with syringes or with small brushes into all crevices where the insects may hide, such substances as coal oil, oil of turpentine, corrosive sublimate, is an effective remedy. The best of these is a solution made by dissolving one ounce of gum camphor in two quarts of gasoline. Corrosive sublimate must not be used when it will touch metal. Superheating a building has proved to be a sure method of killing them. On a few very hot days in July, put on big fires in the furnace till the temperature has been raised to about 125 degrees. This will kill all the insects.

The Honor of the Force

Continued from page 12

set it right whenever he's in a condition to be talked to about it. It's about some letter to Vera that he put in the wrong envelope and he must stay with it for the Honor of the Force. He never mentions you, his fiancée Lila, it's always Vera. Now I don't know any foolishness about the Honor of the Force but I know that the honor of my profession demands that I do all I can to make sick people well." Having done her duty the steady-nerved nurse looked calmly out of the window.

VERA and Dick looked at each other in consternation. Lila seemed puzzled and then turned to Vera: "Did you get a note from Ed before he went North?"

"Yes, declining an invitation for the evening."

"Forgive me Miss Burton, but would you have been surprised had you received the letter that I got?"

Vera's beautiful sensitive face flushed. "No," she breathed.

"Well, I thought it strange," said childish Lila positively. "I really had no reason to expect anything of the kind, but mother—I mean I was sort of over-ruled about it. I'm so glad. Honestly Effingham was too good for me—I mean he sort of oppressed me—he was so sort of heroic and all. Don't think it sour grapes, but I really like someone more like—myself—some way." Unconsciously she glanced at Dick, as if to say "more like you," at which that young man's spirits immediately rose.

"Now," added Lila, rising enthusiastically from her chair, "I shall go home and convince mother."

"Remember I take all the blame," spoke up the nurse rather sharply, "I took advantage of Constable Effingham's delirium, and told this myself. The affair must be very delicately handled so as to not injure him or make enemies for him in any way."

Said Lila, "I guess you had better tell mother, Miss Anderson."

"Very well. It will then be given out in time that the match is off and then things will right themselves."

"You're a good woman, Miss Anderson," said Lila wistfully.

"And you're a dear child Lila, though they do their best to spoil you. Be strong and brave from now on and follow the dictates of your own good little heart."

"Please shake, nurse," said Dick holding out his hand with emotion.

But Vera's arms stole around the nurse's neck, her lovely lips were pressed to the nurse's cheek and she whispered "God forever bless you and keep you, Miss Anderson."

A dew stood in the nurse's eye, but she dashed off saying: "Dear, dear, I'm afraid I'm neglecting my patient—he has a long weary siege ahead of him yet."

"Aig Wants Yer"

The British Tommy has carried with him into the trenches his love of chaff as well as his love for humanity. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript reports an incident that well illustrates both qualities:

"Any winklin' to be done along 'ere?" asked one of the perspiring victors. "Or do we get a bit of a rest and a change?"

"Coom on, let's get on wi't," answered the Yorkshire lad.

So they moved along the captured trench, "winkling"—that is to say, digging, the cowering Germans out of holes, if necessary, with the point of the bayonet, and with bombs in readiness.

There were four of them on this expedition—a cockney, a Yorkshireman, a young fellow from Liverpool and a Berkshire rustic. The cockney, Harry Taylor, otherwise known as Chippy, was in civil life a conductor on the Underground; the Yorkshireman, Sam Sykes, otherwise Bill,—the connection is obvious,—was a wool comber; Dicky Sam, from Liverpool, had been a stevedore, and Piggy, from Berkshire, had been a farm labourer. "Oxford Circus, all change!" shouted Chippy into a black hole. "Come along, Fritz, 'Aig wants yer."

The dugout proved to be empty.

"Non-stop Golder's Green!" shouted Chippy into the next opening. "Off the car first, please!"

A wailing shout of surrender came from within, and six pale Huns hurried out, one saying eagerly that he lived at Golder's Green.

"Now, if you gentlemen will kindly wait your turn, an assistant will be disengaged very shortly," commented Chippy. "Next gentleman, please!"

Dicky Sam watched over the prisoners, while the others went on to the third and last opening. "Pass along down the car, please!" cried Chippy. "Anybody at 'ome?" He peered into the gloom, and at last made out one recumbent form.

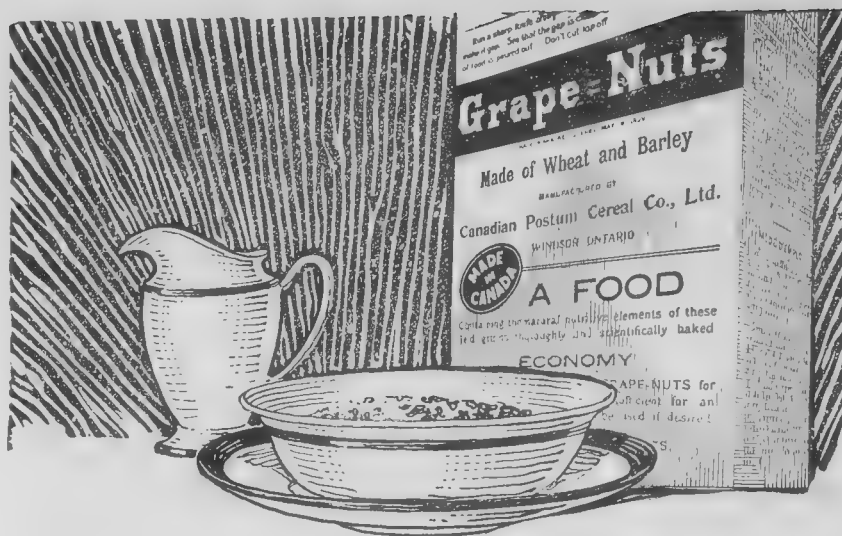
"Come on, Fritz, then," he said persuasively, "and nurse'll div 'im a 'ickle sausage."

"Pig-dog Englander!" snarled the "winkle."

"Pig-dog yerself!" cried Chippy indignantly. "Give yer a taste of bay'nit in a minute."

To their surprise the German burst into tears. Chippy hesitated no longer, but entered the dugout and knelt by the prostrate man.

"E's wounded!" he called out. "Get the others back and pass the word for stretcher bearers. There, matey," he added soothingly. "Cheer up, we're all soldiers 'ere."



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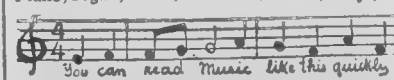
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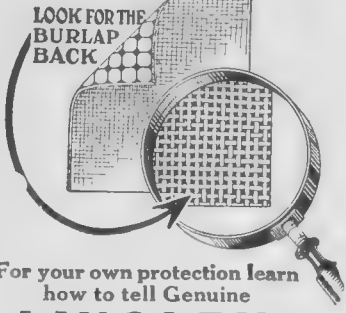
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The Godville Co. Ltd.

Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

No. 1

Follow block pattern given on this page, then work 3 s in each m, 7 s at corner, 3 s in next m, * ch 9, sl st back in 6th s, 6 s, 1 p, 6 s over 9 ch., 3 s in each of next 5 m; repeat from *.

2nd Row—See illustration, ch 2, 1 d all along but omit 2 ch twice between scs and put in an extra 2 ch and 1 d at point of sc.

3rd Row—2 s, 1 p, 2 s in each 2 ch.

For Rose—Chain 6, join—ch 6, 1 d in ring * ch 3, 1 d in ring; repeat from * 3 times, ch 3, sl st together.

2nd Round—1 s, 1 h d, 4 d, 1 h d, 1 s in each 3 ch.

No. 1

*Ch 3, h tr of 3 st, ch 3, sk 1 st, tr in next, p over ch 3, tr, sk 1 st. *Repeat.

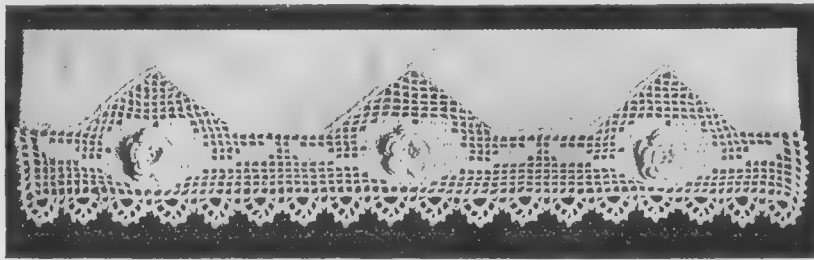
No. 2

Ch 3, sh of 4 tr with p between 2nd and 3rd tr, ch 3, sk 4 st, sc into 5th p in same st. Repeat from beginning.

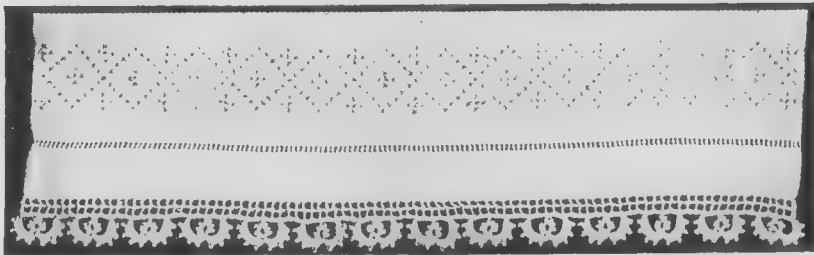
No. 3

1st Row—*7 sc, ch 7, sk 5 st. *Repeat.

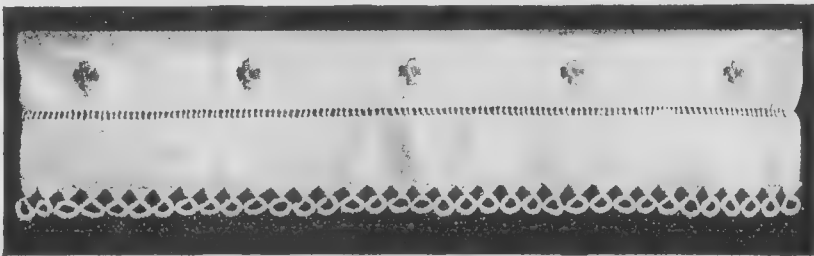
2nd Row—*3 sc over the middle of the 7 sc of former row, ch 3, tr over *, 7 ch, ch 3. *Repeat twice more, then repeat from *.



1



2



3

3rd Round—ch 5, sl st under each d of 1 st round; repeat.

4th Round—1 s, 1 h d, 1 d, 4 t, 1 d, 1 h d, 1 s over each 5 ch.

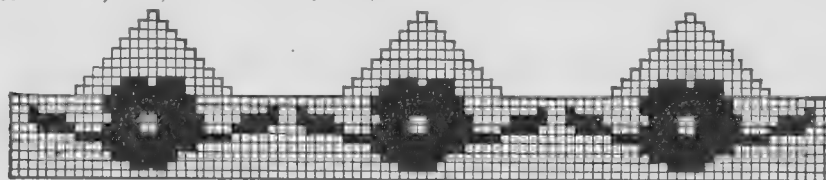
5th Round—Is made like 3rd, only ch 7.

6th Round—Is made like 4th, add 2 more t only. Roses are sewed on afterwards.

No. 2

Make 2 Rows in Spaces.

Work 3 s in each of 4 sp., ch 10, * 1 p of 4 ch; repeat from 4 twice, ch 2, sl st to 2nd d, ch 2, sl st to 1 st p, 3 p, ch 2, sl st to 2nd ch., ch 8, sl st to 2nd d, turn, and



work 1 s, 1 h d, 1 d, 1 p, * 3 d, 1 p; repeat from * twice, 1 d, 1 h d, 1 s in 8 ch, other side same way, then work 3 s in each of 7 sp before starting next sc.

No. 3

Chain 18—sl st in 12th ch, 20 s in ring, 1 s in ch, 1 h d in next ch, 1 d in next ch, 1 t in next ch, 1 d t in next ch, 1 t t in next ch.

Directions for Edgings

These handkerchiefs are all rolled edge closely covered with single crochet, therefore the directions will refer to the next row as No. 1. They are all made with Coats Mercer-Crochet Cotton No. 100.

No. 4

1st Row—Ch 6, sk 4 st sc into 5th. Repeat around.

2nd Row—Sl st into middle of loop, ch 2, tr over loop, p over tr, * ch 2, tr over loop, p over tr. Repeat until you have 3 tr over loop, ch 2, sc into middle of next loop, p. Repeat from *.

No. 5

1st Row—*Ch 5, sk 4 tr in next, ch 1, tr in same st, ch 1, tr in same st, ch 5, sk 4 sc in next. *Repeat around.

2nd Row—* Ch 5, 2 tr between 1st and 2nd tr of last row, ch 2, 2 tr between 2nd

No. 6

Ch 4, join, ch 3, throw thread over needle, go in loop, thread over needle, go in loop, thread over needle, go in loop, take off all together. Repeat.

No. 7

Make a row of open meshes all around with a p over every other bar.

No. 8

*Ch 3, sk 2 st, tr into next, p over tr, ch 3, sk 2 st, sc in next. *Repeat.

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No. 9

*Ch 3, sk 3 st, 3 tr in next, ch 3, sk 3 st, sc in next. *Repeat.

No. 10

1st Row.—2 tr in 2 st, ch 3, sk 2 st. Repeat around.

2nd Row.—Sl st into middle of the 3 ch, 3 ch, p, ch 3, sc into middle of next, 3 ch.

(Edgings are numbered from top to bottom, starting at the left-hand column)

3 tr.

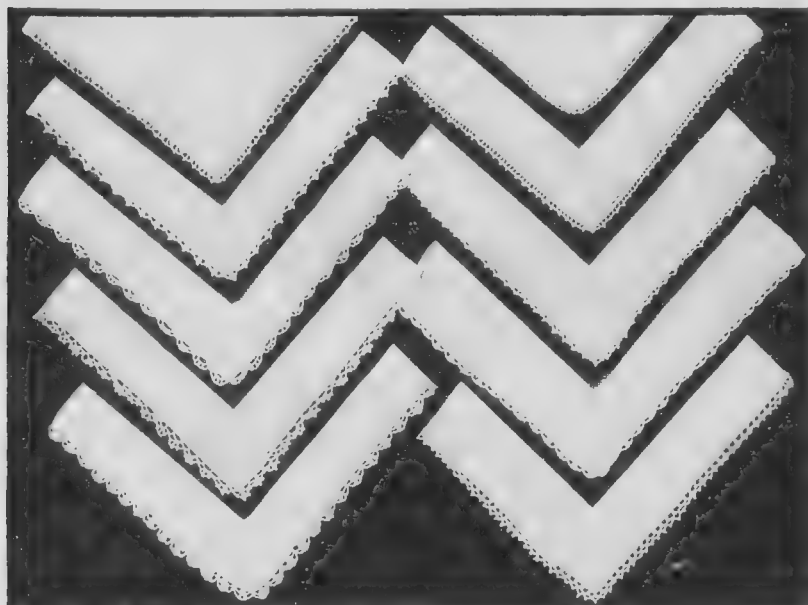
16th Row.—3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr.

17th Row.—3 tr., 4 sp., 6 tr., 5 sp., 6 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr.

18th Row.—3 tr., 6 sp., 15 tr., 6 sp., 3 tr.

19th Row.—21 tr., 5 sp., 21 tr.

This completes the square, so fasten off securely.



The Square Madallion

THIS is let into the front of camisole, hemming on the right side and cutting away the material at the back. You can then turn a tiny hem, or button-hole the cut edge. Using the same material as the edging the square will be about two inches.

Commence with 61 ch.

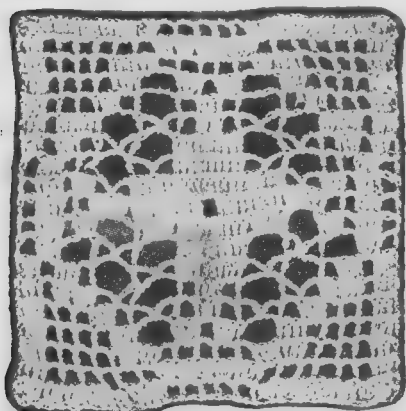
1st Row.—Tr. into fifth ch. from hook, 20 tr. more, 5 sp., 21 tr. Turn, with 3 ch. (always when not otherwise stated).

2nd Row.—3 tr., 6 sp., 15 tr., 6 sp., 3 tr.

3rd Row.—3 tr., 4 sp., 6 tr., 5 sp., 6 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr.

4th Row.—3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr.

5th Row.—3 tr., 3 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet, 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet, 1 sp., 3 tr., 3 sp., 3 tr.



6th Row.—3 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 6 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr.

7th Row.—3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 9 tr., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 5 ch.

8th Row.—1 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 9 tr., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 3 tr., 1 sp., 5 ch.

9th Row.—1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 21 tr., 1 bar, 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 5 ch.

10th Row.—1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 15 tr., 1 sp., 15 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 5 ch.

11th Row.—1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 lacet, 21 tr., 1 lacet, 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 5 ch.

12th Row.—1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 9 tr., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 ch.

13th Row.—3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 9 tr., 1 bar, 1 lacet 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr.

14th Row.—3 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 6 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr.

15th Row.—3 tr., 3 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar, 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar, 1 sp., 3 tr., 3 sp.

The Art Of Eating

THE ordinary woman cares little about eating, and the ordinary man cares a great deal. The man is not hungrier than the woman (hunger plays havoc with the principle of selection), but by nature or by cultivation he has a keener relish for good cooking. Either his palate is more sensitive—an unlikely suggestion—or he has a finer intelligence in recognizing a species of enjoyment that is as rational as the enjoyment that color and outline give to the eye and harmonious sounds give to the attentive ear.

Because there is a sin called gluttony, eating has always been a more or less discredited pleasure. Because nature will permit no excess, moderation has been robbed of its zest. In a once famous little book called "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters," published by Doctor Gregory in Edinburgh in 1774, the writer plainly warns young women to conceal their good health and good appetites as sedulously as they conceal their good sense. "The luxury of eating," he tells them, "is a despicable, selfish vice in men; but in women it is beyond expression immoderate and disgusting. We so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a corresponding delicacy of constitution that when a woman speaks of her strength, her appetite, her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way of which she is little aware."

With this background of refined starvation, with a natural turn for self-denial, and with a lifelong training in practical economics, is it any wonder that women regard with regret the enormous expenditure for food? They see the money melting day by day, and they do not properly estimate the value of the return. An unkind critic in an English review says that a woman will wrap herself in fur and go hungry, but that the man does not live who will buy an ornamental waistcoat and dine on a penny bun. Men have a strong disrelish for all substitutes for dinner. That meal, so blankly uninteresting to many women, has for them the dignity of a household rite. It crowns their day and makes a well-adjusted harmony of life. Consciously or unconsciously, they resent any infringement upon its allotted time and space; any diminution of its consequence.

On the other hand, women do the cooking of the world—a fact that must be steadily borne in mind. They cook well or ill, as the case may be, but seldom con amore, and never with the enthusiasm that animates the great man cook. What is, at best, a profession to the woman is an art to the man. Taste, choice and pleasure enter into his conception of eating. He does not aim to satisfy, but to delight. No woman could snatch the supreme joy of achievement as did La Coste when—suffused with pride—he said of his famous green sauce, "With sauce like that, one could eat his grandfather!"

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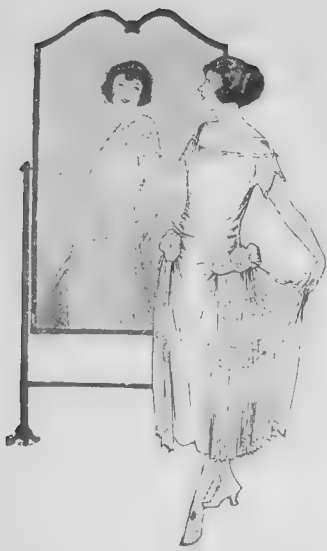
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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Now that warm days are approaching white has stepped to the front of the Fashion stage, and reports as foremost in current favour, for both skirts and blouses, as well as for suits and dresses.

This is true in both cotton and silks for waists, with the exception of net waists which are shown almost entirely in soft ecru tints.

In waists of cotton, it is the strictly tailored style that is most desired, in tuck-in style and that calls for the skirt with a neat waistline finish, and simple lines.

Blouses for dressy wear in over-the-skirt style, are made up in crepe de chine and georgette. Some of these models fall straight over the upper part of the skirt, and are finished with a string girdle. They are worn with a plain skirt or plaited skirt.

Novelty pockets are an outstanding feature of the new skirts; some in crescent and pouch effects, flower pot and basket shape.

A novel way of trimming a skirt of white flannel is to have inset pieces of lighter material at the sides and in the belt if desired, and these pieces embroidered in colors.

Taking the place of the fringe one sees so much on tweed and homespun, one finds on wash skirts a clever loop trimming. Bands of hand drawn work, and block designs like Grecian keys, butterflies and flowers are used to decorate summer skirts.

Sports styles continue in favour and the continued popularity is assured of dresses, sweaters and suits in knitted fabrics. It is predicted that before the approach of Fall every woman will wear outer garments of such material.

The new frocks are noticeable particularly in one respect—the sleeves on which all designers this season have spent much thought.

The very newest sleeve "expression" is wide at the armhole, from which it runs straight to the elbow, and curves suddenly, lying close to the arm from elbow to wrist.

For children as well as for grown-ups there are straight one-piece dresses, that slip over the head, and do away with the work of fastening.

Skirts are not much in evidence for little girls, excepting some plaited models, made to button to a blouse. These models come in checked and plaid woollen as well as in gingham of like patterns.

For junior and "flapper" straight skirts of serge and wool are seen, the latter featuring stripes or plaids.

The continued popularity of the sweater will bring out many skirts of ratine, linen and flannel.

Never before has a season been more replete with suggestions for remodelling. This is largely due to the materials in vogue, and also to the desire to add to the simplicity of the one piece models.

Printed silks are used for upper sections of frocks, the skirts of which may be of twill or tweed, or of the popular crepe silks.

Many women complying with prevailing styles will have to have their skirts lengthened. By lengthening from the top, a yoke of the same material, or one of contrasting color or material may be added. In a case of this kind, one would like to have the lower part of the blouse of the same material as the skirt.

With cloth, one may use Canton crepe, foulard, taffeta or a contrasting cloth in a check or striped design.

Rows of machine stitching, braid, bindings, or piping make a good finish and also a trimming for the joining of yoke and skirt when both are of the same material.

Fashion is true to the cape—every well dressed woman should have a cape, or in opposition to it, a short wide coat, with or without sleeves.

Very novel and extremely popular are the street costumes consisting of narrow finely plaited skirts and short, very loose jackets, held in a little at the waist line, with a narrow low belt. The jacket may be of contrasting material.

Skirts of cretonne are shown with yokes of eponge.

A skirt of wool hop sacking is trimmed with braid motifs, and has a fringed hem.

A three piece costume of homespun has a cape with a scarf collar, and a skirt with outstanding pockets. The blouse is in "tuck in" style, and of crepe de chine.

A machine plaited skirt of checked cotton etamine is topped by a long waist-blouse of plain linen. A tiny vest, collar and cuffs are of the checked material.

A dress of checked gingham has a front panel of organdy bordered with bias gingham. Collar and cuffs are of organdy.

A tub dress of plaited ratine, is trimmed with bands of plain ratine edged with ruffled organdy.

A graduation dress of organdy for a miss of 14 years, has tiny flounces of the material over the sides. Each flounce is topped with a row of hand embroidery. The long waisted bodice is sleeveless.

A dress of plaited gingham for a child of 6 years, is trimmed with chambray.

Cotton eponge and English chintz combine to make a pretty dress for a girl of twelve years.

A frock for play of bright color chintz is bound with red taffeta.

A knicker dress of unbleached muslin, is trimmed with folds of contrasting material and applied motifs.



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A Comfortable Play Frock 4031—The good features of this style are readily apparent. It may be attractively developed in percale with bindings of a contrasting color, or in chambray, pongee or crepe.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 6 mos., 1 year and 2 years. A 1 year size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Charming Frock—4035—The front closing makes this model very practical. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. English prints, crepe or gingham could be used for this style.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3½ yards of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for Slender and Stout Women—4027—Here is a model with lines that will tend to slenderize the woman of ample proportions. The fullness is placed to avoid simulating width, and the vest and lines of the tunic give an appearance of length to the form. Crepe and silk braid are here combined.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6¾ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good School Dress—4036—Plaid gingham and chambray in a matched shade or "contrasting" may be used for this style. The sleeve may be in "wrist" or shorter length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Combination—4009-4012—For business, shopping and outing, this jaunty model will be very satisfactory. Skirt and blouse could be of the same material, or finished in contrast. As here shown white flannel, was used for the skirt trimmed with a broad band of white on which squares of black satin form a "checker board" trimming. The free edges of blouse and skirt show a matched binding.

The blouse is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2½ yards of 40 inch material. The Skirt is cut in 8 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37 and 39 inches waist measure. A 29 inch size requires 2½ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty and Unique Frock—4018—As party frock in taffeta or crepe de chine, or for "summer wear" in crisp, cool organdy or Swiss this style will be very pleasing. Yellow organdy, with bindings of white and a bit of yellow embroidery could be chosen. Dimity or cross-bar muslin with hemstitching is pretty also.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 3¾ yards of 32 inch material.

PATTERN mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Corset Substitute—Pattern 3674 was used for this model—It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 1½ yards of 32 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Serviceable Practical Model—3939—Madras, percale, gingham, soisette, poplin, linen, pique, flannel and silk are nice for this style. The short sleeve is a new feature and fine for warm days and warm work.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches breast measure, neck measure to correspond in sizes, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½ and 18. It requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material for a 17 inch neck size.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for Slender Figures—4020—Just the right style for a graduation or party dress is here portrayed. In crepe de chine, net or chiffon it will be very attractive. It is also good for taffeta and linen.

The Pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5½ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Neat and Serviceable Apron—4030—Percale with facings of linen is here depicted. Black sateen with cretonne would be attractive, as would also crepe with trimming of a contrasting color or with rick rack for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4½ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for Service or Porch Wear—Pattern 3736 was used for this attractive style. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5½ yards of 38 inch material. The width of the skirt is 2 yards at the foot.

Gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, repp, linen, voile and gabardine may be used for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3712 is here portrayed—It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 3 yards of 27 inch material.

One could have this in gingham or percale, linen, pongee, repp, poplin, serge, gabardine, check

or plaid suiting. Plait extensions supply fullness to the skirt proportions. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Summer Frock—3801-3639—This attractive frock owes much to its simple lines and graceful drapery. Soft crepe and openwork silk crepe is here combined. This is a good model for organdy, with hemstitching, ruffles, or drawn work for decoration.

The waist 3801 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 3639, in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is two yards. To make this dress for a medium size will require 6 yards of 40 inch material.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular Slip On Style—4028—This frock reflects the season. Its ribbon trimming may be replaced with embroidery, hemstitching or drawn work. Gingham, as well as crepe which is here portrayed may be used for this style.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The width at the foot is a little over 2 yards. To make the dress for a medium size will require 4¾ yards of 32 inch material.

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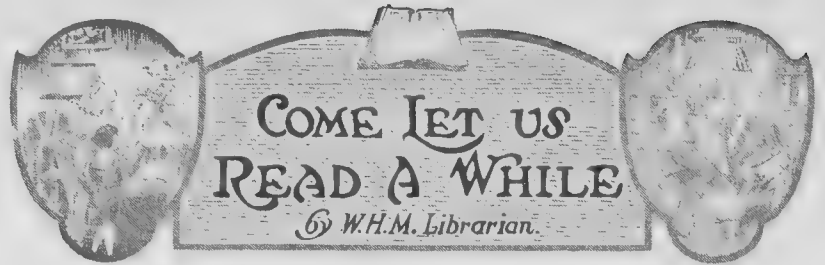
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SINCE talking to you last month, I have had an extremely interesting and pleasant trip, and as it was very much like a little journey into Bookland, I feel it is not out of place to tell you about it in this column.

Doubtless most of you read in the columns of your daily paper, some news of the Canadian Authors Association and its Annual Convention at Ottawa. (Perhaps one of the Western delegates is reading this very page and checking me up on my facts. So to protect myself, I would like to say at this point, that a Convention is very much like a picture gallery. Each member present carries away a somewhat different impression. Things that struck me forcibly may have made no impression upon a fellow delegate. I may have been untouched by items on the program that another would consider of the gravest importance).

The Convention was held at Ottawa and as this was the first time that I had travelled from the West to the Capital, I found much to interest me as the train rushed eastward. For one thing, the little young trees were so green—the first green I had seen this year! Then at various points along the journey, I was reminded of books written by or in Canada. "Fort William!" Immediately I thought of "Deep Furrows" by Hopkins Moorhouse, for who can be at Fort William without visualizing the carloads of golden grain arriving from the west? Buller's book on "Wheat" also came to mind for I well know what a tremendous amount of work this Manitoba University Professor put into his authoritative work on Canada's most precious possession—her Wheat Fields. Also, I thought of "The Valley of Gold" written by David Howarth, so well-known to the people of Western Canada.

It is strange how books, for one who loves them, have a way of bringing themselves forward at every possible occasion. My first glimpse of Ottawa—may the spell it has worked over me never weaken!—brought to mind Mr. Blake's translation of "Maria Chapdelaine" about which I wrote in "The Western Home Monthly" a short while ago. I could not tell you exactly why that dear little, quaint city made me think of "Maria Chapdelaine." Perhaps because just as this idyll is of the Canada that we of the western plains do not know but love to read about; so Ottawa made me say to myself "Here is a phase of real Canada of which I know nothing." The exterior beauty of The Chateau Laurier, the magnificent manner in which it seemed to be companioning the sky, made me wonder whether there was in embryo a great Canadian novel, a romance, with that dignified grey stone for background and for its setting the Ottawa River and Chaudiere Falls. By the way, Robert Stead the western novelist is now living in Ottawa. Perhaps he is already weaving such a romance and I have filched the idea out of his brain by telepathy!

The serious side of this Convention which was held on the 28th and 29th of April, has been reported fairly thoroughly in various papers. Moreover, the "Canadian Bookman" which should have a place in every home where books are friends, is to publish a full and detailed report of the entire proceedings. What I would like to do now for you, my readers, is to give thumb-nail sketches of the interesting writing folks I had the pleasure of meeting during the three days we were all together at Ottawa. A few years ago, I would have considered it quite bad taste to be personal in writing an article. I thought then that one never spoke or wrote of a writer during his life-time but reserved all the bouquets (and thistles) for the post mortem. But times have changed and I with them. People write the most startling diaries nowadays, and when they have entirely revealed themselves, they write essays about other people and point out in forcible language the defects in their characters. Take for instance Margot Asquith's Diary and that

of Colonel Repington. Would Queen Victoria have survived the publication of either by twenty-four hours? Then take the three books now accredited to a certain "Gentleman with a Duster." Could any piece of writing be more scurrilous than the chapter devoted to the faying of Lloyd George? The United States took England's lead and produced a volume of personalities about the wise men of Washington. And then, we in Canada were treated to "The Masques of Ottawa" by Domino. Clearly times have changed. Just as the quadrille has stepped back to allow the in-rush of the Fox Trot and Boston Toddle, so in literature "polite letters" have gone out of style and in their place, we have virulent attacks on public personalities by folks who hide behind dusters or masks. I will step in line, and hiding behind "The Western Home Monthly," be very personal! I'll tell you what I think of those I met at Ottawa.

THE President of the Authors Association, Mr. Murray Gibbon! He rises slowly, gracefully for a man of his bulk, places his fingers on the desk in front of him, leans forward slightly and smiles. That smile is his chief asset. No one could feel embittered towards a man who smiles like that. If he were suddenly to knock one down, the smile would propitiate. It isn't a grin—it is a carefully cultivated, perfected smile that seems to come from the gentlest heart on earth and flood the room. Then Mr. Gibbon has another valuable asset—his voice. One expects a robust, a hearty, well-fed voice. Its weakness startles. Yet so clearly does Mr. Gibbon enunciate that this weakness of voice becomes rather a refinement, a courtesy extended to our ear-drums. Asset number three—velvet gauntlets that can handle the prickliest proposition and smooth it over. A cactus would have the skin of a peach after Murray Gibbon had finished with it. "The Decline and Fall of a Member's Resolution," by Canada's Gibbon was but a sleep and a forgetting. If Mr. Gibbon was not in favor of a resolution he lulled the speaker to sleep by the most courteous crooning. He smiled upod him, and the bone of contention dropped from the jaws of the would-be law maker. Were I an artist, I would paint Murray Gibbon as he sits in session. Full face to the audience so they may catch the beatific smile, eyes turned upwards and to right or left eagerly watching the face of whomsoever is holding the platform as unforgettable as "The Laughing Cavalier." He is a most admirable president. He listens with the utmost courtesy to everyone, he stimulates the keenest interest in each pet hobby as it is trotted forth, he is never out of tune with the temper of the meeting. You fail to get your resolution adopted! Somehow it does not matter. Murray Gibbon has smiled and assured you of his sympathetic understanding.

The antithesis of Murray Gibbon is Pelham Edgar, Professor of English literature at Toronto University. Whenever Pelham Edgar was addressing the meeting, and I looked from the president's sunny face to the learned Professor's shadowed countenance, I thought of Dante's heaven and hell. Pelham Edgar has no desire whatsoever to propitiate anyone. He is quite indifferent to public opinion. He is Intellectual Honesty pleasantly contemptuous of those who draw sustenance from misplaced enthusiasm. He is greatly concerned with Canadian Literature, but he would far rather suffer the pain of acknowledging that it at present wobbles on infant's legs, than derive happiness from self-deception and say like a fond parent "what a giant it is!" Too much Pollyanna gladness is death to mental calibre. A little Pelhamma sadness will do us good! Shade is better than sun until the roots have struck deep. The literary roots of Canadiana will flourish in the shadow cast by Pelham Edgar's gloom. Two or three times, during the meetings, my hat came off to this keen critic who is not afraid to be unpopular.

Piquant, picturesque, imperious! Such is my memory of Madge Macbeth, novelist and contributor to many magazines. It seemed to me Mrs. Macbeth supplied a splash of color that was much needed throughout the Convention. Imagine a gorgeous flame-colored feather, impertinently astride a drab hat—and you have Madge Macbeth in that setting of over-solemn individuals. Prior to the Convention, I knew only Madge Macbeth's work. Since I, a copy-cat, have been permitted a glimpse of the Queen, though no audience, I am of the opinion, that Madge Macbeth is a much cleverer woman than her work, and that one day she will write something as brilliant as her personality.

One of the most interesting personalities attending the Convention was Mrs. Frank Reeve, better known to the book-world as Onoto Watanna. She is one of the most human of human beings you could meet. I had several opportunities of listening to her gay chatter and on each occasion I felt refreshed by the breeziness, frankness, jollity of her disposition. Onoto Watanna has every right to be the possessor of a swelled head. But she isn't. She has a healthy interest in herself—if, after her numerous and substantial successes she hadn't, one might suspect her of mock-modesty! She is not averse to talking about her work and, as the Winnipeg author, Hopkins Moorhouse put it, "Onoto Watanna made all other Canadian authors feel as if they were sharing in her success." What Onoto Watanna has done, others may do. What has she done? you ask. More than I have space to tell about this month. So I will just remind you of her book "The Japanese Nightingale" which was a tremendous success, having a sale of over two hundred thousand copies and being translated into several foreign languages and staged in America, England and France. Now she has written another novel which was published just at the close of the Canadian Authors' Convention. It is called "Sunny-San" and is a very amusing, original love story. Four American students form a Syndicate so that a half-caste Japanese girl, as good as she is beautiful, may be brought up and educated in the best of surroundings instead of living the life of a slave as a geisha in the House of a Thousand Joys. You will enjoy reading "Sunny-San"; it is a capital little romance for a hot August day. By the way, Onoto Watanna is the wife of Frank Reeve, the president of the Pleasant Range Stock Farms Limited, of Alberta, and Mrs. Reeve is his secretary and part owner of the stock. I don't know if horses and cows have a sense of humour. I think they would develop one however living in proximity with Onoto Watanna!

THERE were many other interesting writers of course, but one could not meet them all. With some, a few words were exchanged and then like ships in the night, we passed on. I left Ottawa with one regret—that I had no chance to speak to Miss Sime the author of "Our Little Life." Since reading this great Canadian novel (even Pelham Edgar hailed it as a truly distinguished piece of literature!) I have had one opportunity to speak of it to a gathering of book lovers. I would like the chance to talk of it to every single person interested in notable fiction. You really must read "Our Little Life." You will adore Miss McGee the Irish-Canadian dressmaker. You may get vexed with Robert Fulton, but oh! how your heart will ache for him. You will certainly feel indebted to Miss Sime. And, if you are as impatient as I am for the repetition of keen pleasure, you'll be hoping that Miss Sime is now engaged upon another novel.

A SCRAP O' PAPER

By Maud West

IT FLUTTERED to the ground, just a torn bit of newspaper, as the man withdrew from its folds a pair of red woollen mittens and placed them upon his cold, toil-worn hands. They were the kind that grandma used to make, and of which the world could well have more, I thought, as I stood at the street corner, waiting for my car.

I watched the paper, idly, as it whirled its way across the sleety pavement, and wondered how far it would go before it was checked in its aimless journey; though I could not have told why I should be interested in such a trivial happening. Sometimes the insignificant things will grasp and hold the attention when bigger things are happening all around us without attracting either thought or glance.

A passing cart caught the scrap o' paper in the revolving wheel. What holds it there? I asked myself, as I saw the paper go round and round with the wheel. Then it passed from my mind—just a trivial happening, but of such is life made.

The cart with its load of wood drew up, a half-hour later, before a small cottage on the outskirts of the town, and while the driver deposited its contents in a shed, the chill March wind blew the piece of paper, now a mere scrap, against the window pane and the frost of a cold evening held it there—or was it magic?

"'Tis cold enough this morning," said Margaret Hudson, to herself, as she sat down by the window with her knitting to wait for the fire to burn more brightly before she went upstairs to waken the children.

The paper was still clinging to the window pane, and she reached up mechanically, to brush it away, only to find that it was on the other side. Her eye caught the name "Henry," and her lips quivered, as they always did at the sight of that name. She looked closer,—a word, a blur, then a word—"wants"...."five years"....

With a gripping feeling around her heart she took a knife from the cupboard shelf and went out into the chill morning air, her lips tense, her face white. She

paused a moment on the door-step, murmuring, "How foolish of me!" then continued her way to the outside window.

In a moment the knife had cleared the pane from its unsightly adornment, and with the ragged piece of paper in her hand she hurried into the house, dropped into a chair.... "Henry Hud".... "Hotel S".... "wants informa".... "wife Margar".... "just retur".... "rous reward."

The scrap o' paper fell from her hands, as deep sobs shook her frame, then she picked it up, and as she held the soiled paper to her lips, she murmured, "Henry, oh Henry, I knew it, I knew it; I've never lost faith in you. Alive and wants me! Oh, can it really be true?"

Two days later a bronzed and sturdy man with deep furrowed brow and tired, hungry eyes, just now lighted with a new-born happiness, was sitting at the same window, his wife by his side; her rosy cheeks and starry eyes telling the story of a wonderful home-coming, much better than a writer's pen can do.

His two fair children stood beside him with loving arms about his neck, gazing with all the wonderment of childhood into the face of "Daddy," who had been wounded and ill in a far-off country, then later ship-wrecked on an Island in the South Seas; and who might have had

many more anxious days before he found his dear ones, had it not been for the scrap o' paper tossed about by a chill March wind.

The Land of the Second Chance

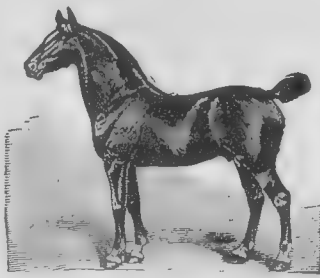
WE are the failures and fools of life, and victims of circumstance, And so, we had to come West, to find our Land of the Second Chance; And the West entrusted us with its work, and asked of us nothing more, Friend in our need, and a friend indeed, for it showed us an open door.

So we built the cities that hold their own in the world beyond a doubt, And shining thoroughfares bear our names, the names that the world cast out; And behold us—fools of a bygone day, but men that endured the test— First in the land, as we take our stand with the People that built the West.

It's half a century since we came, and maybe a trifle more, And still the failures and fools arrive, and still we open the door, For amongst the youngsters that enter in, we see with a fleeting glance Light in the shade, and the Lord that made our Land of the Second Chance

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About The Farm Conducted By Allan Campbell

HARDY ROSES FOR WESTERN GARDENS

AS A beautifier of the surroundings of Western homes, the rose has successfully passed out of the experimental stage and now takes its place as one of the perpetual ornaments of the up-to-date garden. Its three great recommendations are, form, color and perfume; these characteristics place it ahead of its rivals, as the majority of other plants possess but one or two of the above attractive points. As a table decoration when cut and placed in vases, a cluster of roses is hard to equal for beauty, and such clusters have often been the theme of many an artistic masterpiece in the art galleries of the world.

For best results in rose culture a site should be chosen where the bushes will get an unlimited supply of sunlight or at least where the sun will get in as much influence as possible. The rose bushes should not be "stifled" by planting near a south wall so that the rays of the sun become oven-like but they should get a free and open exposure and at the same time be protected from excessive wind by a shelter hedge.

Roses of the hardiest kind will prosper in a great variety of soils. Roses prefer soils with a liberal amount of plant food and require also a good deal of moisture. Wet boggy positions should not be chosen for the rose garden but endeavor to place the bushes in deep rich soil that is well drained.

Frau Karl Druschki (Hybrid Perpetual)—This is one of the finest white roses in cultivation. The plant is a strong and healthy grower and makes abundance of bloom throughout most of the season. The long pointed buds are pink on the outside but open to pure white flowers of large size and beautiful form.

General Jacqueminot (Hybrid Perpetual)—The plant makes vigorous growth and gives abundance of blooms. The color is bright scarlet crimson, which in hot weather fades to a purplish red.

Mrs. John Laing (Hybrid Perpetual)—A free and vigorous grower, producing a good number of blossoms. Flowers rosy-pink and good size. Fragrant.

Ecarlate (Hybrid Tea)—Of strikingly bright scarlet color and free bloomer.

Among the Austrian Briars, Persian Yellow produces an abundance of beautiful small yellow and golden yellow flowers.

Mrs. R. G. Sharman-Crawford (Hybrid Perpetual)—This plant is of fair growth and healthy. The flowers are a beautiful shade of clear rosy-pink, and of moderate size. A variety easy to grow.

The Rugosa or Japanese roses are the hardiest of all and are very little trouble to cultivate. They produce flowers in abundance and later in the season the fruit also makes a very attractive ornamentation to the grounds. No winter protection is necessary. Some of the best are as follows:



Prize-winners of to-morrow

To make rose culture a worth while proposition a little preparation of the bed is also worth while. If one has a good location but poor soil it would be a good plan to dig out a trench, obtain some good surface soil in which some well rotted manure has been incorporated and give the rose bushes a favorable start in their new location.

The question of choosing the plants should receive due consideration, and strong, two-year-old budded plants should be given the preference. It is most important to have the roses arrive for planting in first class condition, for if they are planted in a withered condition, they are very likely to die. However, in the case of the plants arriving in a withered condition they may often be saved by burying them in wet soil so that the stems may take up water from the soil. Severe pruning will often save plants that are set in the spring and that do not look promising.

As the rose is a moisture-demanding plant, the surface soil should be kept loose in order to conserve as much moisture as possible. It is better, according to experts, to water roses thoroughly occasionally than to give them a light watering frequently. However, spraying the foliage once a day is a good way to prevent insect attack though one should do this work in the evening so that by the time the sun plays on the plant it will not have enough water on it to cause a scald. Make war on suckers growing near the roots; they must be removed as soon as seen. They should be cut off close to the stock and not at or above the ground.

Among the best varieties of roses for the West are the following:

Blanc double de Coubert—Pure white, semi double.

Conrad F. Meyer—Clear silvery rose, pretty buds, double.

Madame Georges Bruant—Pure white, double, free bloomer.

Insect Control

IN THE control of insect attack, knowledge is certainly power, for by possessing a knowledge of the habits of various insects one has a splendid "spy system" of the enemy's plans thereby being able to surprise his attacks and destroy his bases of supplies. Some insects may be at work in small numbers and unseen and by sudden increase of numbers they will do considerable damage before measures are under way to combat them. For the proper protection of crops a vigilant watch should be kept so that the small colony that forms the nucleus of the pest may be wiped out in its early stages.

Insects attack plants in various ways, hence there is no cure-all in the way of insecticides but the remedy must be applied in such a way that will fit the needs of each special case. There are insects that destroy the foliage by biting while others obtain the juices by punching through the surface of the leaves and sucking the juices from under the surface. The insects in the former classification it will easily be seen may be poisoned by the use of a poison mixture sprayed on the leaves, such as Paris Green, or an insecticide dusted on, such as Hellebore.

With insects in the latter class, the sucking insects, their habit of punching through the surface of the leaves enables them to evade the poison left by the spraying mixture, hence it becomes necessary to

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use a contact poison, such as kerosene emulsion that will adhere to them and suffocate them.

The Colorado Beetle or Potato Bug creates havoc in the potato crop if not properly controlled, and preparation for spraying should be made as soon as the young bugs hatch. In about a week after the eggs are laid the young beetles appear and begin to devour the foliage very rapidly. As it is very important to preserve the foliage of the potato plants it is not advisable to wait until the vines are injured but the appearance of the young bugs should be the signal for immediate spraying.

As the eggs are not all laid at the same time, it is usually necessary to spray several times, before they are all killed. Paris green should be applied in the proportion of 8 ounces or more to 40 gallons of water, with about 4 ounces of lime to neutralize the effect of free arsenic on the foliage.

One of the most destructive of garden insects is the Cut Worm. When the soil is dry the Cut Worm is able to move about below the surface when it will cut the stems below the surface, while in wet soil they are less able to move about and consequently they come to the surface more extensively. This accounts largely for the fact that Cut Worms do more damage in dry than wet years. These insects feed freely upon grain, flax, roots and alfalfa, as well as upon all kinds of vegetable crops.

The Onion Maggot is one of the most injurious insects to the onion. The eggs which produce this maggot are laid by a slender fly somewhat smaller than a house fly. The eggs are laid on or about the stems of the young onion plants near or on the ground. In a few days maggots hatch, and work down into the soil, where they lie near the root, or burrow into it, feeding on the sap and soon destroying the onion. The injury occurs throughout the season, but is most noticeable in June. There appears to be no entirely satisfactory remedy for this pest, but a remedy which has given fairly satisfactory results in some cases is Hellebore, 2 ounces to 1 gallon of water poured about the roots, at intervals of a week from the time the young plants appear until the onions are well developed.

Another popular remedy is 1/5 ounce of commercial sodium arsenate dissolved in a gallon of boiling water to which is added one pint of cheap molasses. This is sprinkled over the plantation once a week during the early part of the season. A whisk can be used for sprinkling small areas. By having large drops distributed over the plantation the female flies feed on it and are killed and are thus prevented from laying the eggs from which the maggots hatch.



Denizens of a Highland Glen

One of the best insecticides for this pest is poisoned shorts mixed in the following proportions:

Shorts.....50 lbs.
Paris Green.....1 lb.
Molasses.....1 gal.
Water.....1½ gals.

Thoroughly mix the shorts and Paris green while dry. It is a wise precaution to tie a handkerchief over the mouth while doing this as the Paris green dust is a violent poison. Stir the molasses into the water and add the solution slowly to the shorts and Paris green, thoroughly mixing with the hands at the time to prevent lumps forming. The above mixture is sufficient to treat an acre.

When the soil is very dry it will be necessary to get the bait incorporated with the soil, for as has been explained, these insects feed below the ground under dry conditions.

The Plant Lice that infest the Manitoba Maples are sucking insects and a recommended formula for their control is Kerosene Emulsion, made up as follows:

Kerosene (coal oil).....2 gals.
Rain Water.....1 gal.
Soap.....½ lb.

The Cabbage Butterfly, from the eggs of which hatch the green cabbage worms with which most growers are familiar is at times a destructive pest unless subjected to effective control. The butterfly lays the eggs on the leaves, and when the young caterpillars hatch they eat the outside leaves first, at which time they can be readily controlled. Later when they work further into the cabbage it is more difficult to reach them. A very good insecticide to use is Pyrethrum or Insect Powder. Mix thoroughly one part of insect powder with four parts of cheap flour and keep in a close vessel for twenty-four hours, then dust, or preferably blow with a bellows over the plants. As there is a second brood later on it is necessary to be on the watch for them.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Continued from page 11

that phone," he grumbled "Wonder who's calling now? Hope nobody is coming to stop us from having our picnic in the woods this fine day." He took down the receiver and called "Hello, hello. Yes this is King speaking. What? Bess at Stewart's Sanatorium? The attendants mistook her for Anne Crawford!"

"Good Lord!"

"Yes, I'll be right there."

He jammed the receiver on to the hook and in getting to the asylum he broke all speed records. It was not a Sanatorium to Wally, now. It was just a common asylum, and, Bess was there. As he hurried up the steps he was pale with anger. Who ever dared mistake his wife for a crazy woman would have him to answer to. The very idea. Bess, in an asylum. It was awful. Bess and the doctor met him at the door and when he saw them laughing as though enjoying some huge joke his anger turned to curiosity.

"How in the name of common sense did any one happen to mistake you for Anne Crawford?" cried Wally, when he could make himself heard above the laughter.

"Because you tooted that auto horn again and I did as I told you I would—came out half dressed."

"And they mistook you for a crazy person! Ha, ha, I should think they would."

They got into the waiting car and started for the country. Bess had put on her dress while the doctor was phoning. They drove for some time in silence and then Wally said. "Never again will I toot that horn except in an emergency."

"And never again will I appear in public half clad," said Bess. "Of course it was only a case of mistaken identity, but, well, any way, it was a crazy thing to do," and Wally agreed with her though he might not have said so.

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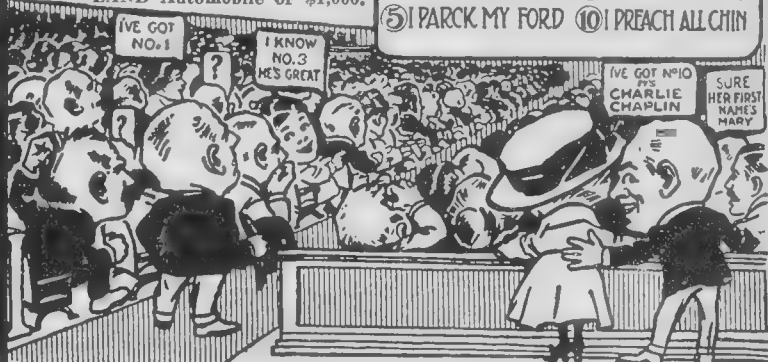
ANSWER THIS PUZZLE WIN \$1000⁰⁰ or OVERLAND

The operator of the movie machine in this theater decided to play a joke on his audience, so he threw these re-arranged "Movie" players' names on the screen.

To solve the Movie Puzzle, all you are required to do is to re-arrange the letters, so that they will spell the correct actor's or actress' name. No. 10 is Charlie Chaplin. If you can guess all ten you can win OVERLAND Automobile or \$1,000.

WHO ARE THEY?

- ① WAR IS NO SLOGAN ⑥ BALD MAN OR MEN
- ② A BAD HEART ⑦ MIGHTY HANSOME
- ③ SALA CHERRY ⑧ IDLE BAY CAR
- ④ FIND PURE RICE LAKE ⑨ DRY HOG IS HOT
- ⑤ PARCK MY FORD ⑩ I PREACH ALL CHIN



Can You Answer This Puzzle? 25 Prizes Given

Probably you know the names of most of the famous "stars," but just to refresh your memory, we mention below the names of a few of the most popular "movie" players.

Charlie Chaplin, Charles Ray, Mary Pickford, Thomas Meighan, Dustin Farnum, Theda Bara, Douglas Fairbanks, Blanche Sweet, Mabel Normand, Marguerite Clark, Pearl White, Rudolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Beverly Bayne, William Farnum, Alice Brady, Gloria Swanson, Anita Stewart, Pauline Frederick, Dorothy Gish.

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You will not be asked to buy a Velvioint Fountain Pen, nor spend one penny in order to win. Just write your answer to the Puzzle on one side of the paper, name and address in upper right hand corner. You can win—Don't delay—Answer the Puzzle NOW and send your solution to

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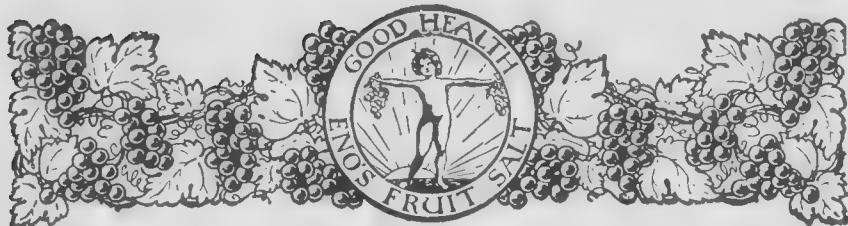
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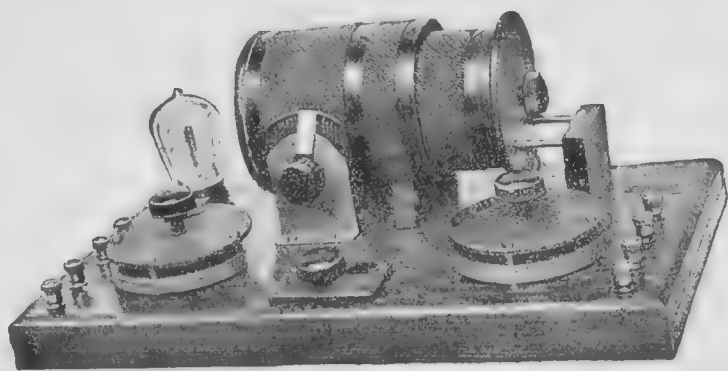
As a safeguard against those digestive ailments which often beset us—as a blood purifier—as a gentle corrective for liver troubles—as an invaluable agent for the refreshing thirst-quencher—ENO is untreatment of rheumatic conditions—as an equalled. There is no household that is not healthier and happier for the morning glass of

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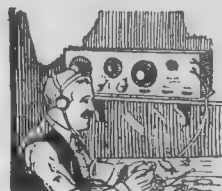


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RADIO



Radio in Canada

M. R. E. L. CHICANOT writing in RADIO WORLD points out the extraordinary headway which radio is making in Canada. He states that the radio fever, which has so violently attacked all sections of the United States, has not been halted by the boundary between that country and Canada, and the epidemic has swept this country from coast to coast in the same novel and rapid manner. The general public, made cognizant with the fact that the wonders of wireless, hitherto surrounded with the mysteries of technique, are within its power to utilize and enjoy, has entered eagerly and enthusiastically into the study of radio. Judging by the headway radio has made in business circles as well as social, it bids fair to revolutionize Canadian life in many ways. Railways, newspapers, pleasure resorts, theatres, business houses and thousands of private individuals are installing radio outfits.

Canada has always been ready to adopt wireless inventions in her shipping, her trades, her forests and her fisheries. The wireless service on the Great Lakes, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts are second to none in the world in the opinion of navigators. The Canadian trans-atlantic wireless service, in competition with the cables, has been in operation some fourteen years with great success. Authorities declare that no series of wireless direction-finding stations have given such help and satisfaction to mariners as that established by the Canadian government on the Atlantic Coast.

Previous to the general interest awakened in radio in this country, wireless was used in the Dominion in numerous lines of operation. A very fine service was built up by the forestry department of British Columbia as part of its precautions against fires and to keep rangers in instant touch with one another, and with headquarters. Several pulp and paper companies have had communication between different parts of their limits as well as between the limits and city headquarters, by wireless. Excellent results have been achieved with the use of radio in the fishing industry, especially in the annual sea hunt off the coast of Newfoundland, when the work of aviators flashing back the location of seal herds, has proved invaluable and resulted in much larger catches being made in much shorter time.

The first passenger train in the Dominion of Canada to be equipped with a radio apparatus was on the Canadian Pacific Railway out of Winnipeg. This was the Live Stock Improvement Train of seventeen cars which left during May, to tour the Province of Manitoba under the auspices of railway and federal and provincial departments of agriculture to promote better farming methods. Two Marconi representatives and a mechanic accompanied the train and successful demonstrations were given each day.

The Canadian Pacific Steamships Limited, was the first to inaugurate an exclusively Canadian wireless news service to its liners in mid-ocean, supplanting a United States service of a similar method which was discontinued.

Radio, already operating at a high degree of efficiency in Canadian shipping and coastwise circles, has naturally not been neglected in the new interest. A new high power wireless station is to be erected on Lulu Island, off the British Columbia Coast, to take care of the commercial needs of Vancouver and relieve the Point Grey station for purely maritime work. A radiotelephone service for the British Columbia interior, for coastwise vessels, as well as deep sea ships as far out as 2,500 miles at sea has been inaugurated with the object for disseminating world news, speeches and concerts. The wireless systems at the port of Montreal are also being improved, and now the most intimate touch will be preserved between that port and Port Colbourne, Kingston, and other lake ports and as far out as Cape Race, to Atlantic vessels; the radio keep-

ing the harbor commissioners informed of the number of vessels approaching, the character of the cargo, equipment of vessel, its requirements and other pertinent information valuable to procure, ahead of time, to provide necessary accommodation and fit out.

In the words of a noted Canadian authority, "Radio is here to stay and it is going to become a part of our everyday life." In September next, a dominion wide radio convention will be held at Toronto, bringing together the leading figures of Canadian radio circles as well as many United States experts. Impetus and expansion is expected to result from this convention.

? Inquiry Column ?

If there is anything that you want to know about Radio, do not hesitate to write in and ask us. We will gladly do our best to obtain for you the necessary information.

Question: Rex, Winnipeg. Would it be possible to instal a receiving set in an automobile and receive your broadcasting while driving around the streets.

Answer: Yes! Make your aerial about fifteen feet high and the best results would be obtained with a two stage amplifier. For a ground the wire can be soldered on to the frame of the car or trail a wire underneath the car; this will act as a counterpoise. If you stop your car, make a good ground to a water pipe.

Question: Which radiophone is the best to use to hear Chicago and Pittsburgh, and what kind do I need? With a 31-volt home electric-light plant, can I use three cells of my batteries in place of the regular storage batteries that come with a radiophone.—Subscriber, Emerson, Man.

Answer: There are a number of high-class receivers on the market that will receive music and speech from the stations you mention, but it must be a detector tube with a two or three-stage amplifier. You may use any three of your storage cells, for lighting your filaments, but suggest that you switch batteries, using a different unit. This will keep your batteries so that no set will be discharged below the others. As a rule, batteries never come with a radiophone set.

T.R.S. Regina, Sask. Question: Please give the best possible construction of an aerial for reception of radio broadcasts at a distance of about 400 miles, using honeycomb coils and one stage of amplification.

Answer: A very efficient antenna would be one composed of two wires 100 feet long, spaced 6 feet, at a height of 80 feet.

Harsh Words

A widow in Germantown, Philadelphia, says Lippincott's Magazine, is the mother of a son who has given her much trouble. "I am afraid," said a friend one day, "that you are not firm enough with him." "On the contrary," said the mother, "I sometimes fear that I am much too harsh. I don't mean to say that I have really taken any summary action; but I have talked to him a great deal."

"And what have you said?" "Why, I have said, 'Richard! Richard!' and other severe things."

Food Conservation

Two British soldiers went into a restaurant in Salonika and ordered the waiter to bring them "Turkey with Greece." "Sorry, but I cannot serve," replied the waiter. "Then bring the Bosphorus!" cried the soldiers.

The boss came and after hearing the complaint answered, "I regret to Russia, but you cannot Roumania."

So the soldiers went away Hungary. Just then a Swede put his head in at the door and, inquired anxiously, "Albania?"

WHEN HERALDRY HELD SWAY

Continued from page 22

bridles, the monks and courtiers and orange-girls, the mountebanks and beggars and bejewelled ladies. I made an effort to fling myself in front of the royal coach, crying, "A boon! a boon!" but I barely escaped with a cracked crown, and divers kicks and cuffs. Once again, though it beshames me to confess it, I almost regretted the patriotic zeal that had brought me into such confusion. I had but a poor time in gaining entrance to the castle, moreover, and had it not been for the friendly offices of a saucy kitchen varlet I might have been cooling my heels at the gate to this very hour. I helped him with a bucket of bread, however, and begged him, almost on my knees, to obtain audience for me with my Lord of Harborough. Zounds! I was almost completely undone when that noble personage did actually appear. Yet I hastily summoned my good manners, and doffing the poor remnant of a hat that was still left to me, I said, "I am the bearer of grave tidings, sirrah, and my news should be of the utmost concern both to yourself and Her Majesty. May I not speak to her?"

"What is your name?" he queried with some asperity.

"By your good leave, sirrah, I am Geoffrey Rhysworth of Rhysworth Manor, a son of Arthur Rhysworth, lately deceased, and a true gentleman and worthy scholar, of whom your lordship may perhaps have heard."

"Aye," said Harborough wonderingly, "there was a time when I knew him well. I am more than tempted to beseech audience for you, lad, but hark ye! You are sure your message warrants this consideration?"

"If it be of less weight than I have indicated, sirrah, then let me be transferred to the kitchen as your meanest scullion, or swing me from yonder elm—"

"Aye, aye, you need say no more, boy. Youth is not hanged for being quick of spirit, else you know there would be but few old men in the world. In with you, then, and abide in the ante-chamber pending a further summons."

You will understand with what trepidation I found myself face to face with that most memorable hour of my life. When at last it was incumbent upon me to enter the presence of the great queen I was well nigh blind with nervousness, and from the dazzling light which streamed into the apartment everywhere. I had a confused vision of rows of courtiers and archly smiling ladies; then, enthroned upon the dais at the farther end of the room, one face and figure gradually detached itself from all that sea of dignitaries and held me spellbound. It was Elizabeth herself, in a robe of green satin, cunningly slashed with gold, and a proud smile upon her wrinkled lips.

"How, now, fellow!" she exclaimed in a harsh, metallic voice, "advance and state your message, and look to it that you do not forget your manners."

I sank upon one knee and burst forth like a frightened school boy, "Oh, please your Majesty, there is a most fiendish plot of Spain against you. I know a cave on the seashore where many swords are piled against the hour of this day mid-night, and it is then that the traitors have planned to storm this very castle, and to take your most gracious Majesty as their prisoner!"

There was a stir throughout the people gathered, as when a wind rustles through the trees in the still noon, and the queen, pale beneath her rouge, addressed me once again: "These be ill tidings and they be true, young master. Look well to it that you do not deceive us."

"Alas, your Majesty, in very truth it is no deception, but—" I stopped aghast. There, standing opposite me with a strange smile on his sallow countenance, I beheld for the first time Don Francisco himself.

"There stands the chief of traitors," I cried in a ringing voice; "'Twas even he I heard plotting in the cave with his followers."

A ring of soldiers closed almost imperceptibly around the Spaniard.

"What say you to this accusation, my lord?" demanded Elizabeth, her voice thin, and of a dangerously high pitch.

"I say it is all a lie, your Majesty, or else the young fool's wits have gone holidaying. I know naught of the place he

speaks of, and less of any injury wished by Spain against your royal person."

The queen did not seem altogether convinced. Then, my eyes riveted upon the man, I noticed that he still wore the turkis clasps, but that one was missing.

"Here is additional proof, your Majesty," I cried, and I hastily pulled the other from its hiding place. "I picked it up myself on the floor of the cave."

The Spaniard turned very white. Then arose an insistent buzz of voices, steadily growing louder and angrier.

"My lord," said Elizabeth rising, "we pay all deference to Spain, but we must needs have a care for our own interests as well. You are our prisoner until the right or wrong of this matter be established. Do you arm all the retainers, my Lord of Harborough, and immediately despatch a strong party to search the

cave he tells us of. The lad himself shall act as guide."

So that was how the evil design was frustrated, and Don Francisco, having cooled his patriotic ardour in the Tower for a year or thereabouts, was finally removed from the country under a powerful escort. I craved a single boon, the safety of the old woman and the comely maiden, and it was granted most willingly. And when the great queen insisted upon further reward I begged very earnestly for a place in Her Majesty's guards.

"Well chosen, young master," she responded; "and if you serve us as well in the future as you have in the past we shall surely not be lacking in seemly protection."

Needless to say, my mother was pleased beyond all power of expression. Griselda was given an opportunity to see something of court life and to eventually marry

a handsome young captain. As for Beatrix, she declared that I had won my spurs to her utter satisfaction, and that I should serve England more roundly yet, even. And in later days, in the time of the great Armada, I was privileged to make good her prophecy.

AT EVENTIDE

By Fred S. Shepard

I sit at eventide

And watch the shadows fall

As twilight comes to all

The quiet country-side,

And Night, with tender arms,

To rest the weary charms.

Again the shades appear,

As day draws to its close—

A promise of repose,

Of quietness and cheer;

Life's twilight in the West,

And then eternal rest.



FROM A GRAFLEX NEGATIVE

GRAFLEX

Graflex advantages, essential for swift action photography, are valuable also for less sensational tasks.

Sharp focus and pleasing pictorial arrangement are always facilitated by the big reflected image, seen right side up in the focusing hood. And whether the speed is $\frac{1}{10}$ or $\frac{1}{1,000}$ of a second, the Graflex focal plane shutter passes so much light that proper exposure is easy, especially with the cooperation of a superfine lens such as the Kodak Anastigmat $f.4.5$.

Graflex catalog by mail or at your dealer's

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto





How To Be Free From Laxatives

*Science has found a Newer, Better
Way to Overcome Constipation*

THE wide-spread use of laxatives and cathartics has caused medical authorities to issue a warning regarding their use in the treatment of constipation.

An eminent physician says that an inestimable amount of injury is done by the use of these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the expense of permanent injury. Another even goes so far as to say that all laxatives are irritant poisons which affect the stomach, as well as the colon and small intestine. In time, he asserts, their long continued use gives rise to gastric and intestinal catarrh, colitis and the varied evils which accompany these disorders, especially hemorrhoids, appendicitis, and intestinal toxemia, as well as an aggravation of the constipation which they are given to relieve.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in lubrication, a means as simple as nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated, this natural lubricant is not sufficient.

To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They have discovered that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word and, like pure water, it is harmless. These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the treatment of constipation. Specialists consider it indispensable in treating chronic constipation.

The lubricating action of Nujol has helped thousands of people to overcome constipation, and free themselves from laxatives and cathartics, thereby wonderfully increasing their capacity for usefulness, activity and enjoyment of life.

Test Nujol yourself. For sale at any drug store. Send coupon today for booklet.

MISTOL, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.

Nujol

A Lubricant, not a Laxative

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

Mail coupon for booklet, "DANGERS OF CONSTIPATION"—How auto-intoxication undermines health and shortens life, to Nujol, Room 877M, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Name

Address



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Above the trees the honey bees swarm by
with buzz and boom
And in the field and garden a thousand
blossoms bloom,
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-
eyed daisy blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a
red and thorny rose.

Richard Watson Gilder.

Buttercup's lanterns are lighted about me,
Burly red clover's warm cheek presses
mine;
Powdery Bee never once seems to doubt
me,
Tipping each chalice for summer's new
wine;
Small timid breezes, than butterflies shyer,
Just for a moment soft buffet my face,
Then fly away to the tree tops and higher,
Shaking down shadows o'er every bright
space.

Margaret Deland

The oak is a British tree,
And not at all a skittish tree
A rough tree, a tough tree:
A knotty tree to bruise;
A drives-his-roots-in-deep tree,
A what-I-find-I-keep tree,
A mighty tree, a Bligny tree,
A tree of stubborn tuns.

Christopher Morley.

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

That July the seventh month, was once
the fifth month of the year, according to
the early Roman calendar.

It was then called Quintilis, which
means Fifth, but as it was the birth
month of Julius Caesar it was rechrist-
ened for him, and he gave it an extra
day to make it more important, as it
had previously only had thirty days.
The special flower of July is the water
lily, and its gem is the ruby.

That a match head does not think, and
when it is irritated it becomes excited and
bursts into flame! Be careful of picnic
fires!

That every time you kill a fly you make
the world a better and a healthier place to
live in, and perhaps you have saved some
baby's life.

That Virginia Creeper which is harmless
and beautiful has five leaves on a stem, and
POISON IVY which is harmful and beau-
tiful has only THREE leaves on a stem.
An unfailing way to remember is that the
letter V stands for five, and is the first
letter in Virginia.

That the Carpenter-Bee is as large as
the largest Bumble bee, and she builds her
own nest and provides food for her own
young. She burrows into wood for a short
distance and then makes a tunnel for a
foot or more lengthwise of the grain.
Beginning at the bottom the bee lays her
eggs each in a separate cell one above the
other and all are filled with a plentiful
supply of food. One by one the eggs
hatch and the young remain in their nests
and wait; when the last one is hatched the
mother leads her family out for a flight in
the sunshine. There are a few kinds of
small sized carpenter bees.

SOMETHING SENT IN

A Button goes to Warren K. Frisk for his
letter on "An Interesting Thing"

Dear Bobby Burke:—

An interesting thing. A man in Swit-
zerland, a jeweller has drilled a hole length-
wise through a needle. He has a hair run
through the hole to prove this fact. It
surely must be a small drill he used for this
hole. Patience is always rewarded.

Yours truly,
Warren K. Friske,
Kronau, Sask.
Age 14 years

Columbia Gardens, B.C.
April 20, 1922

Dear Bobby Burke;

I have seen your letter of "Something
to Do," so I decided to try. The Spring has
come so we have to get our gardens ready.

First to cultivate the earth well, next, sow,
wheat and oats, then plant potatoes, also
tomatoes, cabbage and all vegetables. I
have been helping.

Yours sincerely,
Suntina Lillian Contini
Columbia Gardens, B.C.
Gen. Del. Can.

Golden, B. C.
May, 9th. 1922

Dear Bobby Burke:

I am 12 years old. We live between the
mountains on a farm.

Every spring we have a nice swimming
pond, and we have great fun swimming
and diving in it, but we had to open the
dam on account of the grass. It nearly
took our wagon bridge away, so we had to
hold it down with logs.

Respectfully,
Arvid Grant Seward

P.S. My father's address is:

W. G. Seward,
Golden, B. C.

I am not expecting to get a button.

Port Arthur,
May 12th, 1922

Dear Bobby Burke:—

I wish to become a member of the
Childrens Cosy Corner. I read it every
month and I like it very much.

I had quite a few pets. I had a lovely
big Persian pussy. I called it Snooky.
Then I had an Airedale dog and I called
him Bob, and I had a nice little French
poodle dog. I called him Snowball, because
he was all white (just after I bathed him)
then sometimes he would come to me as
black as coal. I left all my pets out West
in Saskatchewan and I miss them very
much.

I am yours as ever,
Dorothy Burns,
256 College St.,
Port Arthur, Ont.

Age 10

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO MAKE A Picnic

Now that the lovely summer days are
here I am sure that the great thought with
most of you is, "How can I be outdoors for
the greatest number of hours?" And the
answer to this question is nearly always,
"Take a picnic basket with you and spend
the day under the trees, or by the
river, or in the hills. A lovely basket
can be prepared without giving
any one too much trouble, and so
that Mother may enjoy the outings as
much as you do, and not have to spend
long hours in the hot kitchen that you may
fill yourselves up at the picnic, I am going
to tell you how you may get a basket ready
yourselves. In the first place don't feel
that you must have so much to eat, there
is always more than enough at any picnic
I have ever been to and these few simple
things will taste good and not be too much
trouble:—1st Picnic—Hard boiled eggs,
salt and pepper, fresh gathered well
washed cress, radishes, and bread and
butter. (Carry the loaf and butter with
you, spread the bread outdoors with all
the others helping) Biscuits and cheese,
a pot of thick jam, some cookies, or rock
cakes, or one of the cakes you can bake
yourself. A pint jar of lemon juice
sweetened, and if you wish it some tea in
an envelope, a pot to boil the water, and
a bottle of milk or cream.

2nd picnic—Well washed lettuce wrapped
in a wet cloth, some tomatoes, and a
jar of salad dressing, radishes or any other
nice salad vegetable from the garden. A
tin of salmon, and bread and butter and
your first course will be a delicious salmon
salad. A pie which mother has made on
her regular baking day, or fresh fruit such
raspberries, peaches, plenty of sugar for
that, and you may have fruit salad for
dessert. With this a plain sponge cake,
or little cakes from the Baker's will taste
very good, and lemon juice or lime juice or
raspberry vinegar will be a fine drink.
Paper plates, a roll of wax paper and paper
cups will do away with washing dishes and
the whole picnic may be prepared in half
an hour and things will taste pretty nice
too I can tell you. And after you have
eaten don't forget to clear up the papers and
burn them or throw them in the river.

Nothing is worse than to see the beautiful places of God's great outdoors defiled with refuse which no decent people would leave in their own homes or yards. Be sure too that your fire is out. Forest fires are one of the great destructors of the useful, and the beautiful. See that the sin of a forest fire is not on your head.

A Fireless Cooker

How would you boys like to present your Mother with a fireless cooker? It sounds rather extravagant doesn't it, for they are really rather steep when you price them in a store, but I am going to tell you how to make one for a few cents, a little trouble and it will cook things just as well as the factory made article and mother may put the stew or the roast in the morning and go off for a long free day and come home to find it well cooked in the evening. Take a wooden box with a cover, hinge the cover on at the back, and fasten a staple to the front which will fit tightly over a hook on the box itself. Make a cylinder of strong paste board large enough to go around a large saucepan. Stand this in the middle of your box (it should be four inches shorter than the height of the box). Now pack all the space between the cylinder and the box with excelsior, hay or old news paper, packing it down as tight as you can, to within four inches of the top of the box. Now make a cushion of cotton, the size of the box and fill it with the packing material. Use the cooker as follows:—place the stew on the stove in the morning in a saucepan which can be tightly covered. When the stew is boiling hot transfer the saucepan to the cardboard cylinder, put the cushion on the top, clamp down the lid and leave it. Special saucepans may be bought for these cookers which have clamped lids. Try this—it will work.

SOMETHING TO SEND IN

Don't forget the Summer Holiday Competitions, to be sent in before September 10th.

An Essay on "The Birds of Your Neighborhood from Your Own Observations." You may illustrate this.

Prize—A Fountain Pen

An Essay on "Insects, Useful and Otherwise", from your own observations.

Prize—A Camera

PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER: "Is this dog affectionate?"

DEALER: "I should say he is! I have sold him four times, and every time he's come right back to me."—American Boy.

A Bit of Life

THE beech tree that marked the forks of the road was laden with ripened fruit, and in the woods scores of nuts awaited the shake of vigorous hands. It was distinctly the "accepted time" to garner in the harvest so dear to boys, but all these things were as naught to Dan Mason, that September day. He was even deaf to the appeals of Cuff, his dog, to whose keen ears the "whirr" of the quail, as they broke cover, was a call to come and kill.

In the fourteen years of Dan's life, mighty few things had lived as close to his heart as this same Irish setter, with

people up at the big house. He did not sharply feel the need of money, and no amount of it, he had proudly declared, could buy Cuff, but illness brought necessities, and resultant perplexity as to ways and means.

Notwithstanding the reiterated statement of Aunt Polly, who had brought him up by hand, "that she had taken a sight o' pains in his raisin'," Dan's knowledge of various Scriptural teachings, whereby we are adjured to love and honour our parents, was of the vaguest description. In the "old man's" right to thrash him when he deemed it wise, he recognised parental authority; but of parental affection he knew nothing. What wonder, then, that he shrank from duty which

to Cuff, he set off through the woods to the "big house," where the young man was visiting. Before he reached the house, he went down on his knees, and, taking the dog's head between his hands, looked appealingly into his eyes.

"Yer know, Cuff, ol' boy, oi don't want to sell yer," he said; "but oi've got to." And Cuff whined and licked his master's tense young face sympathetically and understandingly, for just so had Dan confided his joys and sorrows since the day when Cuff, a curly brown ball of puppyism, had been given to him for his own.

The visitor from London was lounging on the verandah chatting with the son and the fair young daughter of his host, when Dan came up and timidly asked if he still wanted Cuff, and would give \$20.00 for him. The young man had not learned to look beneath deeds to ascertain the motive ere sitting in judgment. Smiling obliquely towards Miss Hallic, he murmured something "having its price with the lower class," and thought of several high-sounding and sarcastic remarks upon the subject, to be said later. Yet, at the same time he was conscious of a sense of disappointment. He had appreciated the fineness of the boy's refusal, and felt vaguely regretful that he had not kept to it, though he assured Dan of his willingness to pay the price asked. He handed over the money, and straightway began to make friends with Cuff, after the approved fashion of gentle pats and low-toned confidences.

Dan took the money silently and half turned away. Then he stopped.

"If yer please, sir," he said slowly, "while the cords of his throat seemed to be tying themselves into uncomfortable knots, 'would yer mind if oi kep' his collar? You'll buy 'im a new 'un, an'—an'—"

"And that one will do for another dog, when you get him some day. Certainly you may keep it."

The young man smiled meaningly again. He was thinking that the lad had evidently no intention of giving too much for his \$20.00. Dan, with a boy's reluctance to justify himself where he felt to be misunderstood, did not explain that he wanted to keep the collar as we keep the possessions of our loved dead; nor did he give voice to the passionate protest sent up by his whole being against owning another dog.

"Go back," he cried, with a stern gesture, as Cuff bounded after him, though he could not bring his eyes down to the

Continued on page 47



Ready for the morning ride.

his silky hair and great human-like brown eyes. As the boy sat there on the gate, his battered hat drawn low and his dark brows lower, his thoughts were mostly of the dog. But they were of his father, too, who lay within the cottage near by, racked with rheumatism, and now and again the vision of the young man from the city, and the gold coin he had offered for Cuff, obtruded itself.

Dan had at the time laughed his offer to scorn. He was poor, but then so were most of the people thereabouts, save the

pointed to the comforts twenty dollars would buy for the old man, and instinctively turned towards inclination which in doggy guise thrust a loving, if cold, nose into his palm.

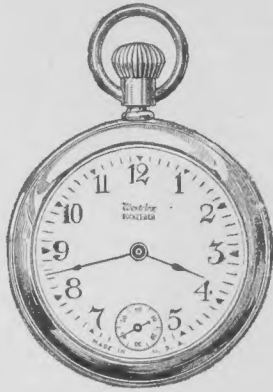
The boy's fancy was not of the liveliest, but the impossibility of life without Cuff was strongly borne in upon him, and again and again he said he could not give him up. Yet by and by, when the slanting shadows proclaimed the approach of evening, he slipped down from his seat, his young face stern with resolve. Whistling

"THE DOIN'S OF PUG"

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg



Westclox



Your head timekeeper

THE biggest business in the world—farming. Westclox as head timekeepers. On thousands of farms you'll find a Westclox alarm on the big job. Westclox have been appointed to the job because they've proved their ability to handle it the way you want it handled—faithfully and on time.

From America—the oldest of the family—right through the entire line, Westclox are

made with the ideal of bringing right to your home and pocket a real servant who will run and ring on time.

America running the house—Pocket Ben with you every working minute; they'll handle the schedule and do it right.

There are two easy identifying marks—the name Westclox on every dial, and the orange and buff six-sided tag. They are there for your benefit. Look for them.

Western Clock Co., Limited, makers of Westclox
Peterborough, Canada

Big Ben	Baby Ben	America	Sleep-Meter	Jack o' Lantern	Pocket Ben	Glo-Ben
\$5.00	\$3.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$2.00	\$3.50

CORRESPONDENCE

Notice to Contributors

The Correspondence Page of the Western Home Monthly has at all times been one of its popular and interesting departments. We hope to keep it so and make it even brighter, happier and more instructive than ever.

Of late there has been a tendency on the part of our young people particularly, to a sameness of expression that we would like to see varied quite a bit. And then again a wider range of subjects could, we think, with profit, be taken up. For instance, the scenery in the part of the country in which you live is always of interest, and your community problems will also make fit subject for discussion.

Many of our writers omit giving their correct names and addresses and that makes the handling of correspondence difficult if not impossible. In addition to any nom-de-plume that you may choose for your letter please see that your correct name and address is legibly written on the back, not for publication unless you so desire. We are very appreciative of the large number of letters that come to us by every mail and we trust that many more will find time and opportunity to become regular readers and contributors of this page.

The Costly City

Dear Editor and Readers,—

As this is my first letter to your most wonderful magazine, I sincerely hope that it misses the W. P. B. and turns up in print. My mother has been taking the W. H. M. for some time now, therefore, I have become an interested reader. Taking the magazine as a whole, I think it is a magnificent paper, especially the Correspondence Page.

I like to read the different opinions on country and city life. As for myself, I was raised on a farm, therefore I should know a little about farm and country life.

I have done quite a bit of travelling. I have been in a few of the West's largest cities as well as some of the smaller towns. I also have been across the big pond into Siberia and Russia, where so many are starving to-day. I have seen some great sights everywhere I have been, and believe me, I am back on the farm again to-day. I have nothing against the city, only that a person certainly spends a lot of money if he doesn't watch himself, and again, I believe a person out in the country on a farm is a little bit more independent than those in towns and cities, although if everyone was to come to the country and leave the cities, what would the world come to?

My favorite sports are skating, card games once in a while, and dancing. We are having a dance on the 31st of this month, and I do wish that some of the members could be there to see what kind of a dance we get up in the country.

Well, dear Editor, I guess I will have to hobble this old pen of mine as it is trying to run away with me. I live in Western Saskatchewan, and would like to gain a few correspondents of the feminine sex. You will find my address with the editor.

As I broke in three bronchos to drive this winter, I will sign myself,

Broncho Buster.

On the Banks of the Souris

Dear Editor and Members,—

Here is another silent reader of your valuable paper. I enjoy reading the letters very much, and must say they are very interesting. My main idea is to gain correspondents, as I am very fond of writing, and would like to correspond with members or readers from all over.

I am eighteen years of age, and live out on this wild and glorious West where the crops are always so poor. We live on the banks of the Souris River, and in summer we have bathing as a sport, and in Winter skating, both of which I am very fond. My mother is practically an invalid, also my father, and having no sisters at home I sometimes get very lonely, so please write to me.

Best wishes for success to our paper. I will sign myself by my nick name,
Bobby.

Music for Chording

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I have been an interested reader of the Correspondence Page for a long time.

Often thought of writing, but never had the courage to do so before.

I came to see if any of the readers could help me. I want to learn how to chord to dances. I can read notes a little.

Those who play the violin here play by ear, so if anyone could tell me where I could get music for chording, I would be very grateful.

We live 15 miles from town, and the farms are very poor here. They are only for cattle and it is nearly impossible to raise grain on account of water and thistle, the country is so low.

I am an Icclander, and would be glad of some correspondence.

Manitoba Thistle.

Yes, Squeeze In

Dear Editor,—

Just let a little Western Ontario maiden squeeze into your warm and welcome congregation. I have read your interesting magazine for a short time, and I think it is more enjoyable than a genuine love story, especially the Correspondence Page, which I have just finished reading.

I noticed the readers were quite contented with the Editor's picture. I was rather disappointed myself. I expected to see a fine young gentleman about the age of 21, with a black glossy pompadour but with his poor brain racked over the mail bag. It is a wonder he has any hair on his head at all.

I was thinking that "Little Warrior" and "Percival" had better call this little dispute square, as every person has their own ideas and views of what they consider best.

My opinion is our beautiful little town is more fascinating than any stuffy, unhealthy city, or any vast acres of land unoccupied. I love the cows and the chickens, but give me the sweet town life.

I send my greatest sympathy to "Light of the Morning". If he was in a town most likely he would find a different chicken than he has been used to. Then he wouldn't have to worry the "Bachelor's Hall" in the near future about being a single man.

I live in what we call a West Ward. I suppose that is the farthest West I'll ever get. I would like to be with "Light of the Morning" on a vacation. I also would dearly love some views of the West. Wishing the W. H. M. the greatest success of all papers, and sincerely hoping this letter won't interfere with the rest of the Editor's hair.

The Flirt

Tears for the Bachelors

Dear Editor and Readers,—

May I join your jolly circle? I read all the letters and really some of them are very amusing indeed. I also like the stories in the W. H. M.

There is quite a discussion between the city and country members. For my part I think it is a matter of opinion, and I like the country, but think it fine to go to the city for a good time once in a while.

I am very fond of dancing and attend quite a few dances in the winter. Last winter I was to two a week most of the time.

So the Editor's picture was in the paper. Really I don't see how I came to miss it. I hunted high and low for a February W. H. M. just to see his snap, but could not find it. I hope he will give us all a fair warning and put it in once more.

Dear girls, do your hearts not feel a great sorrow when you see all these poor bachelors telling all their troubles. I'm sure mine does. I wish some of them or all, would write to me. I will assure them I will help their lonesomeness, and send them some good recipes too.

Well, I must close now as my letter is getting long. Hoping to hear from some of those bachelors, I will sign,

Brown-eyed Daisy.

From the Bush Country

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I have been reading the letters of the page for a decade or so. I have written a couple of times before, but it has been so long I can hardly remember. I am a resident in the bush country of Sunny Alberta and like it fine. I started in on my own hook not long ago, and I believe it is a lot better than hiring out.

TO
CANADIAN PACKING CO
WINNIPEG
CANADA

SHIP YOUR
CREAM
TO US

ESTABLISHED 1852
And be **FULL WEIGHT**
ASSURED OF **CORRECT TESTS**
24 HOUR SERVICE
SATISFACTION
EGGS — WE PAY CASH FOR STRICTLY
NEW LAID EGGS.





Anaemia

Thin, watery blood is no more nourishing than thin, watery milk—skim milk.

But you can soon enrich thin blood, overcome the anaemic condition and build up the whole system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. F. G. Simmons, 42 Curtis St., Brantford, Ont., writes:

"For about eight years I suffered from anaemia. My circulation was poor, my gums and lips were pale, and my hands and feet were always cold. I was nervous and unable to sleep well. I had frequent headaches, seemed restless and easily worried or irritated. There was a buzzing sound in my ears. Indigestion was also one of my complaints, and I often was attacked by weak spells. I went to a doctor, who told me I was anaemic, but as I did not get any better I decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after the first box I felt brighter and my headaches completely disappeared. I continued using the Nerve Food for quite a while. I am quite well now, and cheerfully and gratefully recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to people suffering as I did before I used this splendid medicine."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50¢ a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

I have seen quite a lot of our fair Dominion, having been in every province except P. E. I. I was up to Peace River about three years ago and think that is a fine country. There is surely lots of game there, and nice scenery.

The Jewel surely has some accomplishments in her line, and a good combination. My chief line is riding horses, skating and boxing. I also play cards some, but am not much on the dance. I think it is great to ride out on the prairie just about sunset and round up a bunch of cattle and bring them home. A person can enjoy nature much better. I see Cayuse Mac. holds out for Southern Sask. I have lived in that part for 19 years, in fact I grew up with the country, and I intend taking a trip back sometime in the near future.

Well I must draw my epistle to a speedy end or I never will have it printed.

Albertan.

Grain the Essential

Dear Friends,—

"Bad Pennies always return" as the old saying goes. I guess "yours truly" must be a bad penny. What do you think? No doubt you will be saying to yourselves "Here comes that chatterbox again". I won't trouble you very much this time, as I am making a special call on "Percival". I am going to give him a piece of my mind. A very small piece it will be, too, because I could never write down on paper my entire opinion of the subject.

Now, Percival, you first mentioned that physical culture was taken up more in the city than in the country. Why? Because it is needed more. In the country we get all the physical culture we need while working or playing in the pure fresh air.

You also said that you prefer the sight of the smoke from your city factories to our beautiful sunsets. If you do, there must surely be something amiss with your eyes. I have never seen the smoke of which you

where one can live a purer and broader life than elsewhere, and where everything speaks of the Great Creator to whom we are indebted for our beautiful country.

Just a word to "Steve" as we have a little misunderstanding which I would like cleared away. You wanted to know how your poetry which you sent to the Correspondence Page would start a revolution. Now "Steve" I didn't say your poetry had caused a revolution. I said your asking for a "fair Chauffeur" had caused a revolution, because there were so many "chauffeurs" answered, so I thought there would be a revolution among them, as you would only need one.

Best wishes to the Correspondence Page, Aloha Oe.

Go Slow

Dear Editor and Readers,—

May I, a new comer, squeeze into your interesting, chatty correspondence page? I am only little and I promise to be very good.

I, like so many others, have been reading your paper for quite a while now and when I have completely exhausted one edition from cover to cover I am impatient for the next.

I am attending High School at present but hope to finish this year.

I love country life and would like nothing better than to live on a ranch with lots of horses and cowboys.

Best of all the sports I partake in, I like riding, next comes dancing and swimming, skating and tennis. The tennis courts have just opened for the season and we expect to have a good time thereon.

Who was it that was comparing the city and the country girl, last month? Forgive me for having forgotten your "name". I quite agree with you, dear sir, in some respects, but you know on the other hand, we city girls aren't all as bad as we are painted. Still, my advice is to go slow and if you see a suspicious looking



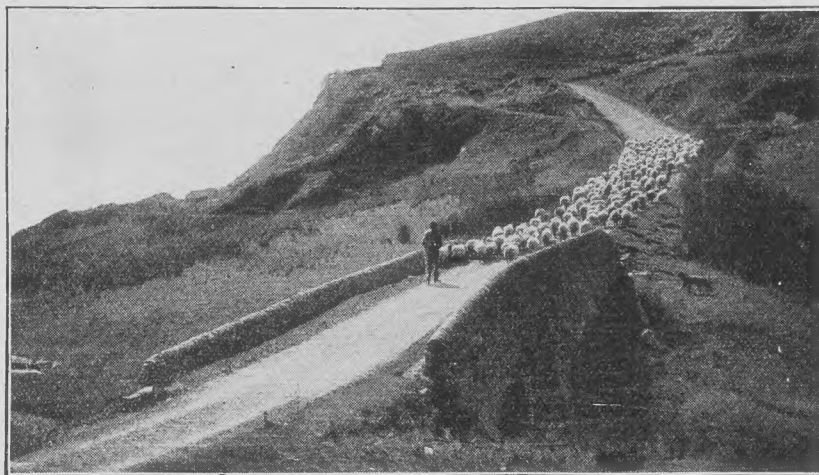
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The Winding Path that leads to the city market

character in skirts coming North you go South. "Percival" I don't agree with you at all. Quite probably if you were to take some of your own advice and wash some of that city smoke out of your eyes and go to the country you might see something you have overlooked. Keep up the good work "Night Hawk". If you aren't dead yet you deserve to live, and there are hopes for you. Now, Mr. Editor, I promised to be good but I guess I'll never be allowed to come again at this rate, so here goes, "Eighteen"

A BIT OF LIFE

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questioning ones of the brute. Cuff, not venturing to disobey, shrank back to his new master's feet, only expressing his perplexed misery in one prolonged howl, which was dumbly echoed in Dan's heavy heart, as he walked away, holding his head rather higher than usual.

Once more in the woods, quite away from those people to whom life, he cried, was all laughter and song, he stopped and looked about. The world seemed suddenly to have become a very wide and lonely place. The wind sighed among the trees, the dead leaves showered down with a disconsolate rustle, and there was no hope nor comfort anywhere. He dropped down, his face hidden in his hands, which tightly clenched the money and the worn leather band, sobbing bitterly and uttering useless, disconnected mutterings against the hardness of his lot.

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FIFTY MINUTES

Continued from page 9

view, blowing enormous clouds of steam. The barrier went up. Once more the track was clear.

Mrs. Young rushed across. There was a pebble in her shoe, but she had no time for that. She knew now that running was her only hope.

As she reached the cemetery, she shot past the minister, leaving him to look after her in meek astonishment, for she, a pillar of the church, offered neither greeting nor apology, but continued along the main path of the grave yard with scant reverence for the bones of her ancestors.

At last she reached the low iron gate in the corner. Alas! It was locked, but it was out of the question to go back and around the cemetery, so she proceeded to climb over, not without a certain dexterity. For a moment she sat with one leg on either side of the gate, representing the latest in amazons.

There stood her home, a home, so far, uncharred.

One more dash, and her goal was reached.

With deft fingers she unlocked the door and entered. Just then the hall clock struck the hour, fifty minutes since she had left to meet Susan, five minutes more than the cook book allowed for that cake.

ANOTHER instant brought her to the kitchen. Her hands moved of their own volition, caught up a cloth, opened the oven door, took the baking pan from the oven, set it on the kitchen table.

Exhausted, Mrs. Young sank into a chair, fanning herself with the towel. Then she stared stupidly at the cake pan, from the pan to the stove, and back again at the cake, which was still a mess of dough.

In her hurry to answer the telephone, she had forgotten to light the oven.

THE PLUM TREE HOUSE

Continued from page 14

as I was! Such fun John and I had saving for each pair of curtains, each new chair, each book that we added to our little row on the mantle-piece. John used to wipe the dishes for me in that poor little kitchen there—sometimes even helped me hang out the wash, summer mornings in the back garden. . . . Boy, tell me, is there a grey car down at the corner there? My eyes aren't what they once were. . . .

"Yes, 'm. There's a long grey car standing down at the curb."

The old lady started, half-guiltily.

"I—I'm supposed to be at the dress-maker's," she explained. "That's my daughter's car. I had a time trying to get away alone! She'd laugh, you see. She'd laugh at my foolish old sentiments. The old house, all my babies born here, our happiest years together, John's and mine—none of them would understand, and John is gone! Since I heard that the old house must come down I've come here nearly every day. But I think I shall not come again. It—it gets a little harder each time. Boy, run and break off a sprig from the plum tree for me, before I go!"

Whistles were blowing for one o'clock as the old lady took her slow way down the street, the familiar old street, narrow and unlovely, that once she had thought so fine and grand. Her stylish daughter called impatiently from the car and she hurried then. But just before she reached the corner she turned for a last look at the little old house and the plum tree standing there so bravely in the sunlight, stout comrades so soon to die together, ready and waiting for the summons. The old lady raised a trembling hand and waved it. Then she turned resolutely and got into the big car.

"Who in the world were you waving at?" the daughter demanded, sharply.

"Oh," answered the old lady gently, "just a couple of old friends."

DESPOTS OF THE DUSK

Continued from page 8

sick, and weary beyond everything. What would he have given to have crept away through the shadows with his little mate? Yet though she called to him and called he could not go to her.

In the darkest hour before the dawn Buffalo came—padding swiftly along the slope like a great grey ghost of death. A little red vixen broke cover just ahead of him, even uttered a mocking yap to entice him in pursuit, but Buffalo was wise. He knew that when a fox behaves thus there is something more than meets the eye, and casting round he beheld Rip high in silhouette on the skyline.

Buffalo had not forgotten Rip, and the big wolf knew him afar—knew, too, that he was in difficulties! With a rumbling growl he broke through the cover, all caution thrown to the winds, in his eagerness for a wolfish vengeance.

He broke through the cover and bore on, bristling and terrible, and Rip, straining at his wires, helplessly awaited his fate. Chop! The big wolf struck the barrier and fell with a sullen roar. Chop! A second pair of mighty jaws rose up, clutching Buffalo's hind paws and pinning him down in a helpless attitude. With another roar he rose, dragging the traps from the sand, exposing their three pronged anchors which bit more deeply as he pulled. Mad with fury now, blaming Rip for his awful plight, he struggled to gain his little adversary, clashing the traps together as he strove, dead to all pain. But Rip, hanging back, was just able to avoid those slashing fangs.

Then realization came to Buffalo. He knew that he was doomed. The fury faded from his great yellow eyes, the coarse hair of his shoulders sank down,

less than a big husky despot of the hills. Pity was unknown to him. He gave no quarter and expected none. Rip was as sly and treacherous as every other fox from Alaska to Wilke's Land, only he loved his wife and cubs sincerely. There was no sense of fellowship between them, and as they had lived, so now would they die—hating each other. The feud was a world old feud, harking down from the days of ice—a blood feud, and bitter with all the gall of rival relatives. All this we know, but we know, too, that animals in misfortune do strange things, and the bitterest of enemies may for a time forget their enmity. Often they try to relieve their feelings by gnawing—gnawing anything they can reach, the tree roots, the sand, even their own hapless limbs. So now Buffalo in despair, gnawed the traps, the chains, the drags, then stretching forth his mighty jaws he gnawed the rawhide thong about the shoulders of his fellow captive.

The harness fell apart, and Rip was free! He stood looking back—back at Buffalo, the despot, who for so long had been a living nightmare in their lives. "Farewell, old warrior," he might have said. "You have given me all I ask of God and man—my life! It is not much we wild folk ask—for a little while to see the suns rise and the suns set, to feel the dew on our coats and the winter winds and the Chinook breezes on our faces, and we can manage our own life-long differences if man will leave us to

Our Frontispiece

The four color frontispiece of this issue is from a photograph of one of the earliest explorers of the Canadian Rockies and a distinguished mountain climber, the Veteran Dean of the Department of Arts and Science, Tufts College, Mass., Prof. Chas. E. Fay. He is an ardent lover of the Canadian West, and was one of the original members of the Alpine Club in which institution he still takes the keenest interest. Until quite recently he took part in the annual meetings and has many mountain peaks to his credit, scaled when conditions were far less favorable than they are today.

Prof. Fay is not quite as young as he used to be, but it is a safe guess that before another year goes by this gallant, mountaineer will be again visiting the scenes of his early triumphs and even attempting further exploration. The lure of the Rockies cannot be lightly turned aside.

Canada owes much to this distinguished educationist who has done so much to make known the majestic grandeur of our mountains.

One of the most interesting articles in this year's Canadian Alpine Journal is from his facile pen.

his broad forehead seemed veritably to become wrinkled with anguish. And Rip raised his head and looked at him.

Into each other's eyes they looked, not a foot between them, and in that look was some of the understanding of the fellowship of death.

We do not know where the realization of the wild dog begins and ends. Sometimes we find in their acts a lack of understanding which seems pitiable, and sometimes a human trait in their being shines out based on the deepest human reasoning, and signifying that much that is best and truest in oneself is not unknown to them. Buffalo was nothing more or

them. You and I will never meet again, old warrior, and when the winter comes I, too, may have gone my way. But, see, the sun is rising and I must leave you now. Buffalo, good-bye!"

And Wells, looking out from his doorway a little while later, saw the buzzards circling in the infinite away to the east, and knew that something more than a little red fox had drawn such numbers. Then he saw something moving across the plateau below—two foxes, surely, the one eagerly running round and encouraging the other, which was very, very weary.

Educational Methods in Selling

A wise Roman philosopher on a certain memorable occasion was heard to remark somewhat mournfully, "tempora mutantur" which as most people know means "times are changing." It is surmised that the hoary old dean venturing by chance to the family kitchenette one morning had beheld the wife of his bosom using a new household implement which had newly arrived on the market. It was called in those days an electricus toasterus and had the professor been perusing the household hints page of the Tiberian Magazine, instead of confining his attention solely to the astronomical jottings, he would not have exhibited so much surprise. It is a far cry from the days of Nero to the twentieth century. Progress has been made all along the line, in spite of 'stand-patters' who, like our Roman friend, observed with melancholy the advent of new merchandising articles and methods. Methods, it must be remembered, are almost as important

as the articles themselves. Not so very long ago a well-known author said "let a man invent something and even though it be a mouse-trap and he hide himself away in the woods, people will seek him out and beat a track to his door." These are not the exact words but that was the general idea and it is to be hoped that this author's writings were not always quite as foolish. Merchandising, at least on the North American continent, is nowadays practically a science. The use of space in newspapers and periodicals has been supplemented by getting after the consumer—your good self, gentle reader—through the medium of the retailer. It is only fair to the manufacturer to say that he spends his money very unselfishly. True, he is out to sell his goods and he does sell them too, but the educational programme which he often carries through is of considerable benefit in other ways to the retailer and the consumer. As an instance, we have

the elaborate campaign which is about to be put on by the E. W. Gillett Company Limited, manufacturers of the well-known Magic Baking Powder, who have for months been drawing up a programme which we feel sure our readers will be keenly interested in. This company will send into the province a number of the members of their educational department. These ladies are domestic science experts and practical bakers and will give baking demonstrations in most of the retail stores suitable for this character of work. They will expound the merits of Magic Baking Powder and illustrate by their demonstrations the simplicity in modern methods of baking and their lectures and demonstrations will be of intense interest to every housewife. The store that you patronize will, one of these days, and mighty soon too, have one of these demonstrations. We very cheerfully advise you to drop in and ask your questions. These lecturers will be glad to answer your questions and tell you all about not only Magic Baking Powder but many other things too. It will be an hour well spent.

Mr. William C. Leckie, Vice-President of the E. W. Gillett Company Limited, is at present on a brief visit to Winnipeg, and confirms emphatically recent optimistic statements made by their District Sales Manager, Mr. Geo. D. Sinclair, by saying that a marked revival in business is now noticeable from coast to coast. There really can be no difference of opinion, he states, as to the upward trend. He further added that the great consideration at present is to keep business not only strong but stable and he suggests that the great stabilizer with a worth while product is publicity and that one of the primary objects of the Gillett Company was not only to serve the consumer by offering the best products possible but also to lend a helping hand to the distributors of their products. Publicity that is regular and consistent is the force that up-builds and strengthens and disseminates good all around. Inasmuch as the Gillett products are by long odds the leaders in their respective lines throughout the Dominion, Mr. Leckie is in an exceptional position to speak of prevailing conditions.

The ladies who will give the Magic Baking Powder Demonstrations throughout Manitoba, are all highly qualified in every phase of Domestic Science and will gladly give information on domestic problems whether or not they attach to the firm's own products.

PARABLES OF CANADIAN LIFE

Continued from page 27

lives, the highway by which it walks, the instrument on which its bleeding heart is revealed. It is as true of the church as of the individual that if it seek to save its life it shall lose it, but that if it be willing to lose its life, it shall find it in a thousand harvests. The writer's picture of a Modern Saint may well serve as a picture of a Conquering Church.

It mattered not what task engaged his thought:

One purpose high and holy fired his soul,

Of mind and heart fused one dynamic whole.

He scorned himself to save. Too dearly bought

Was such release. But human good he sought.

His life, in measure scant, he did not dote.

His virtue, freely spent, until the toll drew life

Drew life itself. Be sure he hath not wrought

In vain. Our children may not speak his name,

Though deep of wells that he hath digged they drink;

For he hath sought no mead of graven stone.

And yet to greatness he hath solid claim: His life, he made a living loving link

Between the common need and God's great throne.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains."